LOCKER ROOM LIB STEVE MURDOCK

THE NATION

FEBRUARY 7, 1972 50 cents

8-72
The Sherrod Library
Periodicals Dept.
E. Tennessee St. Univ.
Johnson City, Tn. 37601
AG
FEB

Our Native Radicalism Always the Better Idea

Edward Schwartz

Society of Former Agents

MR. HOOVER'S LOYAL LEGION

William W. Turner

Middle East in '72

GIVING PEACE A CHANCE

Herbert Krosney

William Burford: George Seferis

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

McGovern's candor

Milwaukee, Wis.

DEAR SIRS: Your recent editorial dealing with full disclosure of campaign financing [Jan. 10] was very timely. Here in Wisconsin the McGovern for President campaign has made total disclosure of its income and expenses thus far. The campaign staffs of the other Democratic contenders have refused to divulge a single bit of information relating to their campaign financing. This is true even of Lindsay and Muskie, who are trying to pass as progressives.

To compound the secrecy problem, the Wisconsin press will not even report this difference in the manner in which the campaigns are being conducted. . . .

William P. Dixon, Vice Chairman
Wisconsin McGovern for President Committee

Wall Street and the little guy

Toledo, Ohio

DEAR SIRS: Sorry to complain all the time; but the media stress how things are for Wall Street—but not how they are for the little guy. The economic improvement is stressed—but not the fact that millions are unemployed, and will probably continue to be. (In my family my Mom is still out of work; my Dad is on a four-day week; and my brother, just out of the army, is unemployed.)

While it may be improving for Macy's and for Wall Street and for GM—it isn't, still, for millions of people. TV glorifies products and sponsors, while scolding labor. This offends me. There are a number of specials on Richard Nixon, but none on the unemployed. Is TV becoming a "tool of the rich?" . . . Your magazine is excellent—sorry to complain. *Martin Silverman*

one world, one future

Miami, Fla.

DEAR SIRS: It is inconceivable that some of our citizens continue to insist that the United Nations serves only the cause of world communism, and that it should no longer receive our support. It doesn't serve the cause of communism, or any ideology, or any nation. It serves the cause of mankind. How else can we hope to deal with such current problems as the worldwide population explosion, the poisoning of our atmosphere or the pollution of our seas? How else can we ever adequately control the harvesting of migratory fishes and mammals, so as not to threaten their depletion and eventual extinction? . . .

These are only a few of the mounting problems confronting our shrinking world, which only a world organization can cope with. . . . *Reynolds Moody*
Lieut. Col. USMC (Ret.)

a rap on the knuckles

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I love *The Nation* and have read it for years, and I find Robert Sherrill a stimulating and responsible journalist. But why did you or he or both of you have to call his article in the Jan. 17th issue "Mr. Nixon's Other Greek"? Was it a conscious ethnic slur, or, more likely, in its attempt to be cute, an unconscious acceptance of a currently fashionable racist or ethnic measuring of people?

It is possible to understand the origin of the need of oppressed people to emphasize their roots, to say, I am not only a person but a black or Jewish or Italian person. But to carry that genuine need for self-assertion to its ultimate development, in which everyone is identified by nationality, is, I think, a terrifying regression. Why is a corrupt politician more corrupt if he is Greek? Just imagine: Kissinger, Nixon's Jewish adviser; Volpe, the Italian king of the roads; Muskie, the smoldering Pole. Remember Agnew's fat Jap? I hope you get a lot of complaints! *Ruth K. Goldberg*

EDITORIALS

'Going Public'

Any doubt that the Vietnamese War is still a live issue in the election has been removed by the President's sudden decision to use prime television time to "go public" with his unilateral and extremely abbreviated version of secret negotiations with the North Vietnamese that have been going on for thirty months, and to place, on the record, the latest American offer. Of the eight-point proposal little need be said; it is about what one might assume the Administration would present. Perhaps disclosure of the offer will, as the President suggests, "revitalize" the Paris negotiations, although that is most unlikely, at least for the time being. For as Senator Javits has suggested, "there is little hope for near-term acceptance"; if there were, the President would not have "gone public." But the disclosure should clarify the ongoing debate. By making the record public, if only in summary form, the President has made it possible to narrow certain points in dispute. The immediate subject of interest, however, is not the American proposal per se but the politics of the statement. For, as everyone knows by now, the President always deals with the politics of problems, not with problems as such.

Politically, the President is seeking to throw the opposition off balance. He would like it to appear that he is taking the offensive against his critics, although his posture —as reflected in the address—is extremely defensive. To that end, he would like us to believe that his critics have been "echoing the propaganda" of the North Vietnamese and thereby "misleading" them as well as the public. At the same time, his aides have made it clear that he decided to speak now because the discrepancy between what the Administration felt it could say publicly and what it has been saying in secret negotiations was creating a dangerous "credibility" gap. However, for this gap, which is real enough, the President has only himself to blame. Without "going public," he could have briefed the Congressional leadership and his public statements could have been more circumspect and less misleading. It is one thing to guard against "leaks" that might adversely affect secret negotiations; the exercise of such a discretion does not require slapping down the opposition as naive for urging measures which he now says he was proposing in secret sessions. Precisely because the discrepancies between the public and private positions of the Administration became so obvious, so often, and on so many points, the opposition had no alternative but to question and probe and propose. Too many disclosures, including the Pentagon Papers and the Anderson Papers, have made it abundantly clear that the President does not always have the best information or advice; nor, on the record of the Johnson and Nixon Administrations, can public statements by Presidents always be accepted at face value.

If the public has been divided on the issue of the war and the current state of the negotiations, primary responsibility rests with the President, not with the opposition. By the President's own admission, only Kissinger and Rogers shared with him knowledge of what was going on at the secret sessions and, as he boasts, there were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no "leaks." On occasion the conduct of foreign policy, and not merely in Vietnam, has been the concern of these three men, on some occasions only two of them have been involved. Former U.N. Ambassador Charles W. Yost, after studying the Anderson Papers, has said that never in thirty-five years of government service during which he attended any number of top-secret, high-level White House and State Department conferences, did one man so dominate discussion of a major policy question as Kissinger dominated that on India-Pakistan.

In weighing the President's attempt to throw his critics off balance, the public should keep several obvious considerations in mind. It was political pressure that forced President Johnson to call a temporary halt in the bombing of North Vietnam and open negotiations in Paris. It was political pressure which prompted candidate Nixon to proclaim loud and clear that he had a plan to end the war. After he moved into the White House, the pressure abated because it seemed only fair to give him an interval of adjustment before he put the plan into effect. But as months went by, the plan was not forthcoming. When political pressure was reapplied, the President came forth with the "Vietnamization" concept, which is not a plan to end the war but a semantic device to unload the burden of the fighting—if not its cost—on the South Vietnamese.

Political pressure has been responsible for the troop withdrawals for which the President takes personal credit —as though Cooper, Church, Hatfield, McGovern, Fulbright and Mansfield had not been urging troop withdrawal. Political pressure, notably on the POW issue, is responsible for the fact that the President finally decided, after some 19,000 additional American casualties, to make the kind of offer on October 11, 1971, that should have been made as an opening proposition at the Paris talks. And it is political pressure that prompted him to stage his latest television spectacular. No better proof could be offered that he is still on the defensive on the key issue of the war than his sudden decision to "go public." He hopes, of course, that his disclosures will quiet the public and befuddle the opposition. But initial reactions would indicate that, while he may have narrowed the scope of debate, he has not disposed of the issue.

It should be noted, also, that Mr. Nixon is attempting to lay the political foundation for public acceptance of the kinds of military actions he feels he may have to initiate to offset the gains which the North Vietnamese have already scored in Laos and Cambodia, and the kinds of actions they may launch on the eve of his departure for Peking. On the basis of Dr. Kissinger's strategy for victory in Vietnam, analyzed by Virginia Brodine and Mark Selden in "The Armageddon Bluff" (*The Nation*, January 31), one might expect the President's peace initiative to be followed before long by an intensification of military aggression. What he had to say, therefore, should be read with a large measure of caution and skepticism. Caution, because what he said may actually foreshadow not an early end to the war but rather an escalation in the fighting. Skepticism, because the public has even now heard only what the President has had to say about the negotiations, and we assume that his words are self-serving. At the appropriate time, as Senator McGovern suggests, there should be a bipartisan investigation of the

IN THIS ISSUE

February 7, 1972

EDITORIALS

162

ARTICLES

166 Naming No Names — *Robert Sherrill*

167 Society of Former Agents: Mr. Hoover's Loyal Legion — *William W. Turner*

171 Our Native Radicalism: Always the Better Idea — *Edward Schwartz*

175 Middle East in '72: Giving Peace a Chance — *Herbert Krosney*

178 Locker Room Lib: The Sports Rebellion — *Steve Murdock*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

181 George Seferis: Part I — *William Burford*

183 Merriam, ed: Growing Up Female in America — *Barbara Bellow Watson*

184 Nemerov: Stories, Fables & Other Diversions — *Kay Boyle*

184 Poem — *Emanuel di Pasquale*

188 Films — *Robert Hatch*

188 The Skull (poem) — *Michael Niflis*

189 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

189 Dance — *Nancy Goldner*

Publisher
JAMES J. STORROW Jr.

Editor
CAREY McWILLIAMS

Associate Publisher
GIFFORD PHILLIPS

Executive Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
EMILE CAPOUYA

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, ROBERT HAZEL; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Science, CARL DREHER; Advertising Manager, MARY SIMON; Circulation Manager, ROSE M. GREEN.

Editorial Associate, ERNEST GRUENING

Washington, ROBERT SHERRILL; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Jerusalem, HERBERT KROSNEY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD; U.N., ANNE TUCKERMAN.

The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1972 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year $12.50; two years, $23. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 214
No. 6

The Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE
Johnson City, Tennessee

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

entire negotiations, including both the public and private sessions, step by step, in proper chronological sequence. Such an inquiry would be more relevant than any search into the reasons for American involvement in this immoral war. Barring some dramatic developments in Laos, Cambodia or South Vietnam, attention now shifts to the upcoming talks in Peking.

'Condemned by History'

The struggle in the courts against capital punishment moved two important steps closer to victory last month.

On January 17, the New Jersey Supreme Court declared that the state's first-degree murder statute was unconstitutional, and ordered that all convicts under death sentence for murder be immediately resentenced to life imprisonment. This unprecedented action by the New Jersey high court grew out of wholly technical considerations. In 1968, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled in the *Jackson* case that capital statutes which induce a defendant to plead guilty before a judge in order to avoid the risk of the death penalty in a jury trial impose too grave a burden on the "ingenuous" defendant who pleads innocent and takes his chances with a jury. New Jersey was one of the few states whose principal capital statute seemed to suffer from exactly the same defect as the federal kidnapping statute knocked out in the *Jackson* ruling. Despite an earlier 4-to-3 verdict of the New Jersey court to the contrary, the state attorney general's office last fall filed a brief in the *Funicello* case in support of ruling the state's death penalty statute for murder in violation of the *Jackson* decision. The New Jersey high court agreed with the attorney general, 6-to-1, and thus overruled itself.

Gov. William T. Cahill has indicated he will not seek to restore the death penalty in a new statute drawn consistently with the *Jackson* requirements. Instead, he will wait for the recommendations of his own special commission, already at work studying the death penalty, and until the U.S. Supreme Court is heard from. The New Jersey court's action is especially interesting because lawyers expert in the matter believe a much narrower ruling could have been handed down. The fact that the New Jersey court handled this relatively technical problem in the sweeping way it did can be interpreted as one more sign that the appellate courts are less and less interested in preserving the death penalty by adroitly narrow rulings when it is possible, as in the *Funicello* case, to solve the problem by scrapping the death penalty itself.

On the same day that the New Jersey court struck down the state's capital statutes, Anthony Amsterdam and Jack Greenberg, representing clients on behalf of the NAACP Legal Defense Fund, gave their long-awaited oral argument before the Supreme Court in Washington, D.C., attacking capital punishment as a violation of the Eighth Amendment protection against "cruel and unusual punishment." At issue were cases from three states (California, Georgia, Texas) involving four capital crimes: first-degree murder, unintended homicide during burglary (felony murder), aggravated and unaggravated rape. Civil rights, civil liberties and religious groups, correctional associations, psychiatrists and attorneys supplied briefs *amici curiae* in support of the Amsterdam-Greenberg contentions.

For four hours the full Court listened to counsel and engaged them in continuous questioning from the bench. The focus of the long debate was Amsterdam's argument in the *Aikens* case (California, first-degree murder). The essence of his position was simple and persuasive. The Supreme Court, he claimed, is not engaged in "judicial law making" when it exercises supervision over state penal codes, to assure that they square with the protections in the Bill of Rights. Nor is the constitutional barrier against "cruel and unusual punishment" to be forever limited to those modes of punishment the founding fathers could not stomach. Further, Amsterdam and Greenberg were emphatic that the Court must not use as its standard of cruelty whatever happens to "shock the conscience" of the nine Justices themselves. A more objective standard is available. It is to be found implicit in what the state and federal governments *do* by way of actual punishments, not merely by what the statutes, trial juries and police spokesmen *say*. What does this record show? It shows, they argued, that in the United States we are in fact willing to execute none but social pariahs, that small minority of murderers and rapists who are too poor, too unpopular, too unlike the white majority of the population to be sentenced (as are the overwhelming majority of all convicts) to imprisonment. Capital punishment as a general and regular mode of punishing serious offenses, though once commonplace, has for a generation been all but unacceptable. It exists today on the statute books only because it is used in practice almost not at all, and then only selectively, infrequently, unnecessarily. It follows from this that when it is used (and there have been no executions since June 1967), it is inevitably excessive and exceptional, and hence "cruel and unusual" in the true meaning of these words.

No one supposes that the Supreme Court will be easily persuaded to strike down capital punishment. Yet Amsterdam and Greenberg are right when they write in their printed brief, "Like flogging and banishment, capital punishment is condemned by history and will sooner or later be condemned by this Court under the Constitution." During his Senate confirmation hearing, Mr. Justice Harry A. Blackmun observed that "it wouldn't surprise me if one day the Supreme Court would say—in 1970 or 1980—that it [capital punishment] is cruel and inhuman." The Court is expected to announce its decision in these cases some time in the late spring. HUGO BEDAU

The Answer Is 'No'

The deal which was made between the British Government and Ian Smith's white minority in Rhodesia seems to be coming apart. Smith's 250,000 whites confront 5.25 million blacks. All the military power is on the side of the whites—70,000 men under arms, and an air force; the blacks have neither arms nor formal organization. Yet, by sheer numbers and determination, they may be able to upset the neat arrangement between white Rhodesia and the Conservative government of Prime Minister Heath, which essentially follows the earlier policy of Harold Wilson's Labour government.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The current deal bases an African's political advancement on his economic advancement, which under the existing conditions is bound to be slow, if not completely illusory. To vote, the African must have an income of $1,800 to $2,000, plus four years of secondary education. The average annual wage for Africans is now $300. Until well into the 21st century, if then, no substantial number of Rhodesian Africans can expect to exercise legal political power. Under the 1969 Rhodesian constitution the blacks had no prospect whatever of getting the vote, and the current offer was worked out as an alternative that, Ian Smith and his followers hoped, would be acceptable.

To gain the consent of the Africans, the British Government appointed a sixteen-member commission headed by a most estimable retired jurist, Baron Pearce of Sweethaws. Apparently it was thought that the tribal chiefs in the back country would persuade their followers. The chiefs are on the white government's payroll and the blacks were supposed to be further influenced by white district commissioners. So far, however, only one chief has expressed approval, and among the blacks the answer has been an almost unanimous "No!"

The Rhodesian whites are similarly unanimous in their resolution to keep the blacks in subjection. The few exceptions include Garfield Todd, a former prime minister of what was then Southern Rhodesia. He and his daughter are now under arrest.

The white racists are scared. On the part of the more moderate, the feeling is a mixture of guilt and hope that their present luxurious life can continue for a while longer —a kind of after-us-the-deluge attitude. From a military standpoint, their fears are obviously exaggerated. The Rhodesian police are supported by South African forces, and if necessary the South African Government would send in troops. Yet there is something terrifying in the solidarity of an oppressed population.

If the blacks reject the present offer, presumably the Pearce Commission will so report to the British Government and the pre-existing constitution will remain in effect. But the rejection will be embarrassing to both the Rhodesian Government and the British, and it is possible that a better offer will be made. Whatever the outcome of the present confrontation, the blacks have shown that they are capable of unified resistance, and the white minority knows that this is a factor to be reckoned with henceforth.

Once again, the role of the United States is counter-revolutionary. A provision in the Military Procurement Act of 1971 lifted restrictions on Rhodesian chrome, despite the mandatory sanctions invoked against Rhodesia, with American backing, by the U.N. Security Council. [See: "Toying With Rhodesia," *The Nation,* October 18, 1971.] Chrome is a strategic material, but the United States has a stockpile adequate to meet both military and civilian needs for the next two or three years. *The New York Times* points out editorially that President Nixon could have removed chrome from the list of strategic materials, on the ground that the stockpile was large enough. Mr. Nixon did not take this action, with the result that he has affronted the U.N. at the beginning of Kurt Waldheim's term as Secretary General. And American influence in black Africa, already attenuated, will diminish further.

More on Ma Bell

The Federal Communications Commission raised a storm with its 4-to-2 decision to abandon its investigation of the interstate telephone rates which it permits the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. to charge. The FCC asserted that it lacked funds with which to proceed on such a complex venture. Protests were heard from both the Senate and the House when the FCC thus acknowledged its helplessness. Rep. Wright Patman asked pertinently, "Is bigness an exemption from the law?" and bills were introduced to provide funds for a continuation of the investigation. Even the executive branch was shocked. In his budget for fiscal 1973, which begins on July 1, President Nixon included $32.582 million for the FCC, up $1.899 million from fiscal 1972, ostensibly in furtherance of the proposed audit. The Defense Department, which is hardly noted for frugality, cracked down on the agency. "The public interest," the department asserted, "demands a full and complete investigation of AT&T's practices and procedures." It petitioned for reconsideration of the FCC decision on the ground that without a thorough investigation it will be "absolutely impossible to determine whether AT&T's charges for long-distance telephone communications are reasonable and proper."

The government is AT&T's largest single customer; the executive agencies alone spend $400 million with AT&T annually, of which a large part is for long-distance calls. For business and private users of telephone service, even a slight change in rates involves billions of dollars in the aggregate.

As agitation rose, AT&T itself deplored the renunciation of the investigation. H. I. Romnes, chairman and president, termed the decision "very unfortunate" and "a complete surprise to us. . . . We would have liked the opportunity to air these matters—we have nothing to hide."

The financial outlook for the company does not seem to warrant pessimism. Mr. Romnes foresees a gain of about 4.7 million telephones in the Bell System this year, up from 3.8 million added last year. He anticipates a 10 per cent rise in long-distance calls; the increase last year was an unusually low 8 per cent. Assuming that inflation "doesn't go hog-wild," Mr. Romnes saw strong indications that AT&T could "eventually" reduce its long-distance rates. One need not be excessively cynical to surmise that if the FCC does its job, "eventually" will come sooner. As it is, during 1971 the company received rate increases amounting to $670.5 million on an annual basis, and it hopes to receive about $750 million in pending requests before state regulatory commissions this year. Its final figures for 1971 are expected to show little change from the previous year, when the Bell System profit was $2.25 billion, or $4.02 a share, selling at present at about $45.

A peculiar situation exists in New York, where AT&T's wholly owned subsidiary, New York Telephone Co., recently received a $351 million rate increase from the compliant Public Service Commission. For the past twenty-eight weeks, 38,000 employees of New York Telephone have been out on strike. The union raises a good question: does the rate base allow for the savings in wages represented by these 38,000 employees? The company is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

standing pat—it "has no further proposals." It has been bringing in supervisory personnel from outside its service area as strikebreakers. Were these supervisors superfluous in their regular jobs? And does the company intend to rehire the 38,000? What is this—a strike, or a strike that has been converted into a lockout?

AT&T, New York Telephone's parent company, is not directly involved in this quarrel, but it received New York Telephone's full normal dividend of $1.60 per share in 1970 and since it owns all the shares, this income, which will presumably continue at the same level, is a substantial element in the AT&T rate structure. This is one factor among many which the FCC should investigate. The Congress should provide the Commission with the extra funds the President has requested, and the Commission should renew its investigation and bring out the facts with all possible diligence.

'Enlivened by His Skill'

The College Art Association of America has presented the 1971 Frank Jewett Mather Award for art and architecture criticism to Lawrence Alloway, art critic of *The Nation*. The award, which carries a $500 prize, was presented to Mr. Alloway with the following citation:

> Few art critics of our time have shown such breadth of interest, such variety of approach, and so profound a knowledge of the contemporary art scene as Lawrence Alloway. Few, also, have been so prolific. There is almost no aspect of contemporary art that has not been illuminated by his insight, enriched by his breadth of knowledge, and enlivened by his skill.

Mr. Alloway is professor of art at the State University of New York, Stony Brook, and the author most recently of *Violent America: The Movies 1946-1964*.

NAMING NO NAMES

ROBERT SHERRILL

Last September 12 and September 19, the Minneapolis *Tribune* carried full exposés by reporter Frank Wright of the dairy lobby's efforts to manipulate federal politicians through campaign contributions. (See *The Nation*, December 20, 1971.)

Washington, being the ingrown, parochial town that it is, took little notice of this excellent reportage until it appeared—in much the same form, though less complete—in *The Washington Post* and in *The Wall Street Journal* on September 27.

Unless a newspaper is circulated in Washington on the day of its publication, our federal politicians feel it's not worth reading. And the newspapers that do have day-of-publication circulation in the capital do nothing to change their minds.

In this case, neither the *Post* nor the *Journal* gave any credit to the *Tribune* for having planted the crop they harvested. And to complete the distortion, *The New York Times* on September 28 complimented *The Wall Street Journal*, not the *Tribune*, for having been first.

This sort of thing has been going on for years. Tom Ross, Washington bureau chief for the Chicago *Sun-Times*, recalls that "in the early days of the Kennedy administration, I had a once-in-a lifetime leak out of the Pentagon. For a period of three or four weeks, maybe longer, I wrote almost a daily story—an exclusive daily story—that was practically the minutes of the Joint Chiefs' meetings. I was writing about McNamara decisions a day or two before he announced them. . . .

"*The New York Times* was picking up my stories but not crediting them to the *Sun-Times*. This infuriatingly went on day after day for weeks, until finally I produced a story that was impossible for them to pirate, so they wrote a long story, using my material, and down around the twenty-seventh paragraph they wrote 'This story was first revealed in the Chicago *Sun-Times* by Tom *Brown*.' "

If *The New York Times* felt that the Chicago *Sun-Times* was a "competitor," or if *The Washington Post* held the same view of the Minneapolis *Tribune*, and if the *Times* and the *Post* were afraid that by building up the other newspapers they might lose some of their own advertisements and subscriptions to them—that would, to put it gently, be absurd. The people who run the *Times* and *Post* have better sense.

More likely they withhold credit from their colleagues out of some antique jealousy harking back to the childish days of the industry when newsmen were imbued with the notion that it was somehow shameful to be "scooped."

Similarly, *Business Week*, *The Wall Street Journal* and *Newsweek* need hardly fear the competition of *The Nation* for advertising and mass readership. Yet these three publications "poached" on Timothy Ingram's story of the underground corporate press which appeared in *The Nation* of September 13, 1971, without attribution. In fact, two of these publications interviewed Ingram for further details and one of them managed to quote from the article without mentioning Ingram or *The Nation*.

Rewriting major news breaks without giving credit is bad enough, but an even more dangerous result of this misplaced pride is that the *Times* and the *Post*, certainly the most influential newspapers in America, sometimes simply ignore significant revelations that appear first in other periodicals.

Jack Nelson of the *Los Angeles Times* was the first to report that J. Edgar Hoover had fired Special Agent Jack Shaw. He did a 4,000-word article on this latest manifestation of Hoover's paranoia, and the story went out over the *Los Angeles Times*'s wire service. The *Detroit News* bannered it. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* gave it page-1 treatment. So did the San Jose *Mercury News* and the Charleston *Gazette-Mail*, and other newspapers around the country. But *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* did not give the story any attention for weeks.

Orr Kelly, the Washington *Star*'s Pentagon reporter, was the first to learn that the Russians had either slowed down or stopped deployment of their SS9 missiles. The significance of Kelly's story came to this: if the Russians were still deploying them, then there would be a better argument

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for our building the ABM; if they weren't, then the pro-ABM argument was weakened. It was extremely important that Kelly's story be given wide circulation and attention, but neither the *Post* nor the *Times* printed anything about it until the Pentagon acknowledged the accuracy of his findings a couple of weeks later.

In the early days of the Penn-Central Railroad scandal, Fred Zimmerman of *The Wall Street Journal* came up with a number of blockbuster stories about such things as insider trading by Penn-Central executives. The wire services picked him up bountifully and credited his newspaper, but *The New York Times* ignored the Zimmerman disclosures.

The harm implicit in all this is that for many people at the top of the power structure in this country, a happening isn't real until it is reported in the *Post* or the *Times*. Tom Ross speaks for many fine but frustrated Washington newsmen when he says, "Frankly, even in this Administration, which supposedly is having a blood feud with the Eastern Establishment press, that's the only press they read and that's the only press they seem to think exists. You go around this town and see what papers are on the desks of the bureaucrats: *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*. Their sense of reality is wrong. I mean, politicians aren't elected by *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*. In fact, both papers are fairly marginal. But they *think* those are the two most important papers. . . ."

When newsmen of the quality of Ross feel compelled to admit publicly the handicap, the nation's press is in real trouble. It's obvious that the concentration of press prestige on two or three newspapers has begun to suffocate talent elsewhere. The remedy seems as clear as it is simple: those newspapers most favored with prestige must take keener notice of the good reporting done for other journals and help develop it by giving credit. □

SOCIETY OF FORMER AGENTS

MR. HOOVER'S LOYAL LEGION

WILLIAM W. TURNER
Mr. Turner, a former FBI agent, is now a journalist and lecturer. He is the author of Hoover's FBI *(Sherbourne Press) and* Power on the Right *(Ramparts Press).*

The annual convention of the Society of Former Special Agents of the FBI might again have passed unnoticed last fall had not Spiro Agnew been the featured speaker. The press showed up at Atlanta's posh Regency Hyatt House, and although rapped by the Vice President and the program chairman and pointedly left unfed at lunch, dutifully reported the speech. "Our traditional concept of success," Agnew told his well-tailored-and-barbered audience, "makes the ultraliberal nose twitch with distaste, as though it has sensed a vaguely unpleasant odor." The former G-men greeted his familiar philippics with a standing ovation.

Despite this coverage, few newspaper readers had the remotest idea of the success J. Edgar Hoover's alumni have had in penetrating the highest echelons of the nation's security-industrial complex, or in populating the Congress, the Executive, the Judiciary and state and local governments.

As an index, there are eleven Society members in the House of Representatives, foremost among them being H. Allen Smith, ranking Republican on the powerful Rules Committee. Four hold key staff positions on the House Internal Security Committee. The chiefs of the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA), Secret Service, IRS Intelligence Division and Post Office Inspectors belong to the Society. So do the security directors of major defense contractors, large corporations and the National Football League. Many public law-enforcement and private investigative agencies are dominated by Society members. The Governor of New Jersey carries a card, as does the attorney general of California, who aspires to be that state's governor in 1974.

The Society, with headquarters in the Statler Hilton in New York, claims approximately 5,200 members. It was founded in 1937 with slightly more than 100 members and the motto: "Loyalty—Goodwill—Friendship." The motivation seems to have been an American Legion-like camaraderie among men who fancied themselves front-line veterans of the war against crime. To this day, the pages of the Society's monthly *Grapevine* drip with nostalgia for the Dillinger days. A recent article, for example, lamented the passing of a member who had helped "set the trap for John Dillinger in front of the Biograph Theatre in Chicago on July 22, 1934," and ran a news photo of the agent, in two-tone shoes and straw boater, standing behind the hearse that carried away the remains of Public Enemy No. One. Another issue published an article by a charter member, entitled "G-Men Cut Gangsters Down to Size in Blazing 1920s." It told how "the FBI stepped in with brilliant detective work and undaunted courage under the matchless leadership of J. Edgar Hoover." Nothing in *Grapevine* tampers with the legend. No mention is made, for instance, that the infamous Lady in Red who set up Dillinger for the kill was actually a paid informer of the private Hargrave Secret Service, and an announcement that a member newly elected to a California judgeship took part "under J. Edgar Hoover's leadership in the capture of Roger 'The Terrible' Touhy" fails to recall that the FBI had erroneously seized Touhy for the 1933 Hamm kidnapping, a caper actually pulled off by Alvin "Kreepy" Karpis.

The bond of experiences shared lures the Exes, as they call themselves, to Society luncheons, dinners, dances, parties, ceremonial functions and days at ballparks and race tracks. A meeting of the Los Angeles chapter was addressed not long ago by Jeremiah O'Leary, a Washington *Star* reporter through whom the FBI plants its stories.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nadel

In 1970 the Philadelphia chapter passed a resolution over after-dinner coffee, commending that city's "law-and-order" police commissioner, now Mayor Frank Rizzo. Later that year the Utah chapter played host to Judge George W. Latimer, defense counsel in the My Lai trials. And last October 22, Hoover himself appeared at a Washington chapter dinner to report delays in the construction of the new FBI headquarters (which will cost an estimated $105 million and be by far the most expensive government office building).

Such events are covered by *Grapevine* in something of a fraternity-house style. One recent item reported that a member who manages a restaurant-hotel complex in Southern California had bought a female elephant for a wild animal farm that is part of the promotion. The member, the magazine advised, "is adamant in his refusal to ride the elephant as a publicity stunt, even though it conforms to his political party preference."

The Society's most important single activity is the Executive Services Committee, a kind of placement bureau that depends on the local chairmen to keep it informed of local employment opportunities. The Exes have found the FBI legend highly exploitable—indeed, some entered the bureau simply to gain the prestige. Lawyers have found that an autographed portrait of Hoover on the office wall generates clients; others have discovered that the doors of industry and commerce are frequently wide open. The committee puts out feelers on behalf of agents who are quitting or retiring. Its success is indicated by a recent report that it had "placed thirty-nine Society members with an average salary of $19,750."

The annual Congressional Night staged by the Society shows just how highly placed some of the Exes are. The 1970 event, at the Rayburn House Office Building, heard speeches by Secret Service Chief James J. Rowley and Congressman Smith. The 1971 affair, transplanted to the more commodious Shoreham Hotel, starred Lieut. Gen. Joseph F. Carroll, head of the DIA, and Republican Congressmen Samuel L. Devine of Ohio and Lawrence J. Hogan of Maryland. Six other Congressional members of the Society were present: Garry Brown (R., Mich.); Omar T. Burleson (D., Tex.), chairman of the House Administrative Committee; Frank Denholm (D., S. Dak.); Ed Edmonson (D., Okla.) and Wiley E. Mayne (R., Iowa). Three others who couldn't make it that night were Smith, Robert Tiernan (D., R.I.) and Harold Runnels (D., N. Mex.). Conspicuous by his absence was Don Edwards (D., Calif.), a liberal who hasn't bothered to apply for the Society and has called for Hoover's ouster.

Also honored at the 1971 Congressional Night were three members who are federal judges in Washington: Edward A. Tamm, Walter J. Yeagley and W. Byron Sorrell. Yeagley, who once directed the Justice Department's Internal Security Division, was named by Richard Nixon as a recess appointment to the Court of Appeals, after his initial nomination had been turned down by the Senate District Committee. Other Society card holders on the dais were Lester P. Condon, high in HUD; Raymond F. Farrell, commissioner of the Immigration and Naturalization Service; Robert E. Lee, an FCC commissioner; Dale W. Hardin and Robert G. Gresham, ICC commissioners. Representing Hoover were assistant to the director John P. Mohr and the bureau's press spokesman, Thomas Bishop.

Richard Nixon's partiality for ex-FBI men persists, even though he was once turned down by the bureau as "not sufficiently aggressive." Richard T. Burress is his White House deputy counsel, Randolph W. Thrower was his IRS chief until he resigned a few months ago, and Allan Oakley Hunter is his appointee as president of the Federal National Mortgage Association.

The list of Society men in federal posts seems endless. William A. Kolar heads the IRS Intelligence Division; Hoover's nephew, Fred G. Robinette, is a middle-level IRS bureaucrat. William J. Cotter is Chief Postal Inspector, and N. Donald Dick heads up personnel security in HEW. The witch-hunting House Internal Security Committee has chief counsel Donald G. Sanders and three others on staff; its Senate namesake employs John R. Norpel, Jr. as director of research. Only Richard Helms knows how many Exes are in the CIA, since the Society directory doesn't list them as CIA but under such camouflage as the State Department, Department of Defense and Agency for International Development.

The security departments of public agencies and private corporations are thick with erstwhile G-men despite the fact they aren't necessarily qualified in the field by FBI experience. Norman H. McCabe, one of the agents who actually grabbed Alvin Karpis in New Orleans in 1936 while Hoover watched from an alley, is security officer for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RCA in Camden, N.J., and president of the American Society for Industrial Security. The National Space Agency (NASA) and Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) have many Exes in their security departments. In San Francisco, the prototype Bay Area Rapid Transit (BART) put retired agent Ralph M. Lindsey in charge of security, but before the first train has rolled there are complaints of unduly restrictive rules.

When there was talk of gambling influences several years ago, the National Football League brought in Jack Danahy to capitalize on the FBI's reputation for incorruptibility. The security directors of the Sheraton and Loew's hotels and the Holiday Inns belong to the Society. The security departments of such aerospace goliaths as North American Rockwell, Lockheed and Hughes Aircraft are loaded with Exes. The security directors of Mobil, Gulf and Continental Oil companies, to cite only three, are in the Society. The Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau is thoroughly ex-FBI. So are the security staffs of the Bell and General Telephone Systems, a fact that present FBI wire tappers find convenient.

Private investigation is a fertile field for Hoover's dropouts. Possibly the best known operator is George Wackenhut, whose Florida-based Wackenhut Corp. employs some 8,000 persons throughout the United States and Latin America and provides security services at Cape Kennedy and the AEC's Nevada test site. The burly, crew-cut Wackenhut broke into the news a few years ago when then Gov. Claude Kirk hired his sleuths to probe organized crime, thus stimulating cries of "private Gestapo." [See "Governor Kirk's Private Eyes" by Fred J. Cook, *The Nation,* May 15, 1967.] Wackenhut denies being a Birch Society sympathizer—"I am nothing more than a full-blooded, pro-American man"—but the firm's board of directors numbers such right-wing activists as Gen. Mark W. Clark and Los Angeles lawyer Loyd Wright. Moreover, the *Wackenhut Security Review,* distributed to corporate clients, purports to expose the "threat" of communism in every movement from civil rights to Latin American reform. The venerable Burns Detective Agency has lately taken on a number of Exes as executives. Fidelifacts, a nationwide affiliation that advertises its employment of former agents, is headed in New York by Vincent W. Gillen, who attained notoriety several years ago when detected shadowing Ralph Nader for General Motors.

Some Society stalwarts occupy executive suites in huge corporations. Past president Harold M. Percy is vice president for personnel of the C.I.T. Financial Corp.; Carl B. Sherman is president of Houston Lighting & Power; Edwin J. Foltz is president of Campbell's Soups International and John D. Stewart is a senior vice president of American Express, to name a few. But the luminary in this category is Robert A. Mahau, who masterminded Howard Hughes's Nevada operations before going out in a blaze of controversy in late 1970.

The Ford Motor Company is a major employer of FBI graduates; it has thirty on the payroll. The affinity began years ago, when the head of the Detroit FBI office, John S. Bugas, moved over to the auto maker as vice president for industrial relations. Now retired, Bugas presided at a "Ford Night," paid for by the company, at the Society's 1970 convention at Disneyland. The guest of honor was, appropriately, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., star of *The FBI* television series sponsored by Ford.

FBI influence, predictably enough, permeates law enforcement. Nixon has named three Exes as United States Attorneys, notably Edward R. Heaher in the Eastern District of New York. Quinn Tamm, brother of Judge Edward Tamm, is executive director of the puissant International Association of Chiefs of Police. Edmund L. McNamara is Boston's police commissioner. Dour little E. Wilson Purdy commands the Dade County (Miami) Department of Public Safety. Peter J. Pitchess is sheriff of Los Angeles County, his previous two re-election campaigns having been chaired by Walt Disney and Bob Hope. Advertising executive Emmett C. McGauhey is president of the Los Angeles board of police commissioners, from which post he was instrumental in assuring the appointment of Chief Edward M. Davis, a truculent redbaiter, over a moderate candidate who had scored higher in civil service tests.

The Society harbors a number of professional right-wingers. Most widely known are Howard D. (Dan) Smoot of Dallas, who publishes and broadcasts the *Dan Smoot Report,* and W. Cleon Skousen, an ex-Birch Society functionary whose tracts include *The Naked Communist.* Keeping more in the background is the American Security Council, led by Society members John M. Fisher, president, and William K. Lambie Jr., administrative director. Begun in the mid-1950s as a kind of a blacklist service for its corporate members, ASC has branched out into propaganda and lobbying for a tough military stance and domestic law and order. Among ASC's advisory officers, who also number Gen. Curtis LeMay and Dr. Edward Teller, are three Exes: Kenneth M. Piper, personnel director of Motorola; Stephen L. Donchess, a United States Steel executive; and Russell E. White, a security consultant with General Electric. President Fisher's latest campaign is "Operation Alert," a fund appeal utilizing a massive mailing list designed to counter the "formidable 'Anti-Defense Disarmament Lobby' led by Senators like Proxmire, McGovern, Fulbright and Kennedy." [See "Hawk's Nest: The American Security Council" by Harold C. Relyea, *The Nation,* January 24.]

Although the Society claims to have enlisted a majority of former agents, it is only a bare majority, for the number of alumni is estimated to be 10,000. A conspicuous nonmember is C. Jackson Grayson, Nixon's newly appointed Price Commission chairman. Also missing from the roster is Aubrey Lewis, who in 1962 became the first black agent to go through the FBI training academy. When Robert Kennedy became Attorney General and put the word out to Hoover to hire black personnel, Lewis, an all-American football player at Notre Dame, was prosyletized and showcased to the press. He resigned several years ago and is now with a merchandising chain.

Moreover, many members are only nominal, and many, especially the younger ones, are dissatisfied with the way the Society is run by the old guard leadership. A common complaint, voiced only privately, is a reverence for Hoover that at times borders on the fanatic. "I like the guys," one member told me, "but they ought to grow up when it comes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the Director." Another, who thinks of letting his membership lapse, is disgusted because the Society doesn't take an open stand against Hoover's abuses of power.

The Society once functioned with a degree of autonomy, and being in Hoover's good books was not a criterion for membership. All that changed in the early 1960s, when the Director and the Society's hierarchy decided they needed each other. One service the Society renders Hoover is to propose selected members who are deputized to assist in the roundup of tens of thousands of persons on the FBI's Security Index should the DetCom (Detention of Communists) program ever be implemented. The bond was symbolically sealed in 1964 when the Society commissioned a sculptor to do a bust of Hoover and peddled miniature replicas at the convention that year.

The ridiculously cultish tone was set when then president Emmett McGaughey retorted to a *Life* magazine suggestion that Hoover step down. "The amalgam that binds the agents of the FBI to the bureau is Mr. Hoover and his leadership," he oozed. "He is also the amalgam that binds the 4,600 members of our organization together in our devotion to each other, to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and to Mr. Hoover, whose life is the fulfillment of the motto of the FBI: fidelity, bravery, integrity." The tone was perpetuated by Los Angeles banker Dixon D. Moorhead, president in 1969, who urged that members purchase in quantity through the Society the new book *J. Edgar Hoover on Communism* and hand them out as "a valuable business development and/or community relations gift for any businessman or professional man."

Admission to the Society is on the blackball principle. A list of applicants is circulated to the membership, with the instruction that they "carefully study" it and report "any information bearing adversely upon the character or reputation of any of the applicants which you believe would render them unfit for membership in the Society." Ordinarily, a man such as Quinn Tamm might not be accepted, since he had a falling out with Hoover before quitting as an assistant director. But Tamm happens to be the brother of Judge Tamm, and a power in his own right through his position with the International Association of Chiefs of Police. Perhaps most important, he has studiously avoided any public airing of his difference with the FBI chief.

The Society gives short shrift to any member who lets heretical views out into the open. When Norman Ollestad wrote his critical *Inside the FBI* in 1967, he was drummed out of the club, the book being deemed "detrimental to the good name or best interest of the Society." At present there pends the case of Bernard F. Connors, whose novel, *Embarrassment to the Bureau*, discusses Hoover's megalomania. There is talk in Society councils, Conners says, that he will be expelled.

The Jack Shaw case provided one of the Society's most shameful moments. A former seminarian and Marine, a Russian linguist and seven-year FBI veteran, Shaw was taking courses at New York's John Jay College to equip himself as a police instructor. In response to a professor's criticism of Hoover, Shaw composed a long letter that partly defended his boss but criticized him on several scores. For instance, the letter referred to the "personality cult" surrounding Hoover and remarked: "There is a haunting phrase that echoes throughout the Bureau. 'Do not embarrass the Director.' " Shaw never sent the letter, but its pieces were retrieved from a wastebasket. Accused of "atrocious judgment," he was summarily transferred to Butte, Mont. FBI officials must have known that he could not move because his wife was in the hospital as a terminal cancer patient. The Bureau accepted Shaw's resignation "with prejudice."

Shaw wanted to stay in law enforcement, but found that the New York Police Department and other agencies were intimidated by the "with prejudice" stigma. So he sought aid from the Society. In October 1970, weeks before there was any publicity on his case, he visited the New York headquarters, where he talked with Frances Keogh, for a quarter century the Society's executive secretary. "It would be fruitless to try to join at this time," she said, but suggested that he attempt to get Harvey Foster or John Ring, both influential in Society affairs, to back him. (Harvey G. Foster was agent in charge of the New York office when he retired in 1962; he's now a vice president of American Airlines in Chicago. It was Foster, a fellow Notre Dame alumnus, who persuaded Aubrey Lewis to become an FBI agent. The late Thomas F. Ring was chief executive officer of the New York Liquor Authority, appointed by Governor Rockefeller.) "But," Shaw quotes Miss Keogh as warning, "you're going to have to grovel and eat dirt."

Shaw decided against a trip to Chicago to see Foster—he was strapped for money because of his wife's medical expenses—and didn't make connections with Ring. Instead, he wound up in the office of Scudder D. Kelvie, a vice president of New York's Franklin National Bank and vice chairman of the Society's Executive Services Committee—the job-finding arm. According to Shaw, Kelvie was effusively cooperative—until he read the letter with its sacrilegious passages. As it turned out, Shaw didn't need the Society. The ACLU succeeded in having the "with prejudice" stricken, and a private investigative group that doesn't consider Hoover's frown a bar to employment took him on.

When the controversy over Hoover erupted last year, the Society achieved a new peak of sycophancy. Chapter after chapter passed unanimous resolutions backing the Director. The April 1971 edition of *Grapevine* reported that the Congressional Night "developed into an evening of serious commentary about numerous recent scurrilous attacks against the FBI and Director J. Edgar Hoover." The same issue reprinted a column by Robert Allen and John Goldsmith, proclaiming a "strongly suspected undercover conspiracy" to smear Hoover had been hatched by everyone from "anarchist revolutionaries" to "bleeding-heart liberals." The national convention in Atlanta passed a vote of confidence in Hoover against "vicious and unwarranted attacks" that were politically motivated.

It was logical that the Society would view the conflict in ideological terms, since the politics of its members tend to reflect Hoover's archconservatism. But the current debunking of the FBI must be excruciating in another way. These men have clung to a myth that for decades had seemed inviolable. Now the ultimate irony was upon them: Hoover, whose deft sense of public relations had spun the myth, was now destroying it through senescent perversity. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR NATIVE RADICALISM

ALWAYS THE BETTER IDEA

EDWARD SCHWARTZ
Mr. Schwartz is the author of Will the Revolution Succeed? Rebirth of the Radical Democrat, *coming from Criterion Books this month. A former president of the National Student Association, he is at present organizing the Center for Institutional Change in Philadelphia.*

Young American radicals have been looking, without much success, for a political tradition that is usable in terms of their experience and the current problems of American society. Recently, for example, in an article in *The Progressive* entitled "The Red, White, and Blue Left," Jeremy Rifkin of the People's Bi-Centennial Commission urged that radicals speak in the name of an "American heritage" that "embodies a set of principles which provides the great mass of our people with a unique social identity. It is a statement of our beliefs—what we stand for." Along the same lines, Jack Newfield has been calling for a "New Populism," suggesting in an article in *New York* magazine that the Populists' emphasis on "more equal distribution of wealth and income, and the decentralization of power to insure citizen participation in making decisions," is perfectly attuned to the spirit of the modern New Left. Still others—Staughton Lynd, most notably—have sought spiritual roots in the tradition of radical individualism embodied in Thoreau and the Abolitionists. Yet, somehow, none of these formulations has taken hold; none of them has seemed to capture the full breadth of what the movements are demanding today. In each case, some critical element seems to be missing.

I would like to suggest, however, that there *is* a tradition to which contemporary radicals might relate. It is more specific than Rifkin's generalized statement of revolutionary ideals, more encompassing than Newfield's Populists, and more popular than Thoreau or the Abolitionists. It is rooted in the American experience, yet its major themes can be applied anywhere in the world. And it is widely misunderstood.

The tradition to which I refer is that of the radical democrat. From the Puritans, to the anti-Federalists who opposed ratification of the Constitution, to the Jacksonians, to the Populists and the Knights of Labor of the late 19th century, there have been periodically in the country's history large numbers of Americans quite disaffected from the main imperatives of an unregulated technological society, convinced that such a society would ultimately inflict disaster on itself, and determined therefore to bring corporate interests and technological change under popular control. Unlike the optimism of liberalism, this tradition, which has emerged and subsided with the turn of events, has had no faith that human beings, left free to pursue their private interests, would remain "naturally good" if restrained only by the laws and a few "rules of the game." Unlike the Marxists, radical democrats did not believe that the contradictions of capitalism would by themselves lead to a higher humanity in a glorious new world of communism. They expressed, rather, a concern for ideals, for how human beings could live up to them, for how a social contract could be fashioned that would hold the people accountable to what the principles meant.

To come to grips with the tradition of the radical democrat, then, one must understand the ideals that it embodied, the character of the society that it sought to build; the steps that its adherents took at precise historical points to build it. From there, the way is open to explore the means whereby today's radical democrats—the New Left—might apply similar principles to campaigns for social change in the years ahead.

The radical democrats have been religious people. If the demands of an agrarian economy defined their commercial activities, the theology brought to America by the early Puritans most heavily shaped their beliefs. The tradition drew its main doctrine from John Winthrop's admonition: "We must be knit together in this worke [*sic*] as one man. Society in all sorts of humane affaires is better than Solitariness." It modeled itself, in fact, after the Covenant that Israel had established with Jehovah in the Old Testament, by which an entire community was bound to adhere to His decrees.

The ideal of the radical democrat, then, was that of religious justice—of a community that would preserve a balance between its resources and its social needs; of a society that would find the role best suited to each of its

Harper's Weekly

Off for the Convention (1870)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

members; of a utopian order that would create no conflict between what a person wanted to do, what he or she had to do, and what he or she was able to do. The radical democrats have always known that adherence to this ideal would be no easy matter. To do so, they understood, might be impossible. Yet if mankind was to have a chance to survive, they maintained, people had to learn it, debate it, and take it seriously as part of their everyday lives. The alternative would be an escalating spiral of degeneracy, decay and mutual self-destruction.

Under what conditions would justice flourish, however? What was the character of the society that the radical democrats sought to build? A few specific points come to mind.

First, it had to preserve the vitality of the local community. The radical democrats were as much communitarians as they were "rugged individualists." Moving out across the continent, they created a network of relatively small towns with churches, schools, meetinghouses, fraternal societies—all as part of the normal pattern of Western settlement. Indeed, urban intellectuals today are more than ready to condemn them for "boosterism," singling out for special scorn initiation rites and hazing procedures somewhat less refined than those practiced by New York's Lotus Club. Yet if the boosterism of the West was parochial, its basic impulse was decent—to create lasting bonds of fraternity in an environment where to live apart often meant to die alone in the wilderness.

The democrats of earlier generations hoped that the cohesion of the local community would enforce a second goal on the settlers—equality. They insisted that government at all levels use its power to preserve relative equality between rich and poor. In the 1820s and 1830s, this meant preventing concentrations of capital in the hands of the rich, such as might occur, for example, through federal sponsorship of a national bank. "Is there no danger to our liberty and independence in a bank that in its nature has so little to bind it to our country?" Andrew Jackson demanded in his veto of the bank in 1832. "Should its influence become concentered, as it may under the operation of an act such as this, in the hands of a self-elected directory . . . will there not be cause to tremble for the purity of our elections in peace and the independence of our country in war?" After the Civil War, when the robber barons were, indeed, causing the democrats to "tremble," the Populists brought the Jacksonian demand up to date by calling for nationalization of the railroads, telephone and telegraph. Yet throughout, the end remained the same—to maintain a narrow gap between rich and poor, so that each person might feel some sense of worth in the overall scheme of things.

The democrats hoped that citizens could control their communities through democratic institutions operating at local, state and national levels. That is where they diverged most from the Puritans, whose theology they had inherited. John Winthrop may have been devoted to justice, but he hardly believed that popular sovereignty was a way to achieve it. The farmers and working people, however, believed that every person could be not only a king but a philosopher king. As Melancton Smith, a leader in the anti-Federalist fight to democratize the Constitution, put it:

> The knowledge necessary for a representative of a free people not only comprehends extensive political and commercial information, such as is acquired by men of refined education, who have leisure to attain to high degrees of improvement; it should also comprehend that kind of acquaintance with the common concerns and occupations of the people, which men of the middling class of life are, in general, more competent to than those of the superior class.

Always, the democrats fought to insure that those of the "middling class" found their rightful places in the legislatures around the country.

Above all, however, the radical democrat insisted that society foster a respect for justice as an end in itself. If religious institutions have become associated primarily with sermons against atheism and profligacy, in earlier periods at least a few of them had a more encompassing message—Christ's message that, "No one can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one and love the other or he will be devoted to the one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and mammon." The democrats had little confidence that the "innate goodness of human nature" would render this message irrelevant. They felt, rather, that a respect for justice had to be *taught*—in the home, in the schools, in the churches. They argued that it had to be made the standard against which all politics, all communities, all institutions would be measured.

Thus, to live up to their vision of justice, the democrats tried to fashion a decentralized confederation of small communities, ruled by governments that at every level would encourage political participation from the people. They demanded that the federal government assist them by preserving relative equality between rich and poor and by protecting communities from the encroachments of large corporations. And they expected that churches and schools would remain true to their traditions by teaching to succeeding generations the principles of justice in which they so fervently believed.

Today, of course, much of this has been forgotten. In sharp contrast to the radical democrats' quest for moral excellence, corporate liberalism has surrendered to the doctrine that a high gross national product will render gaps of wealth and power between rich and poor irrelevant. Corporations and government have destroyed communities as a matter of principle, arguing that mobility is a more important goal. Most citizens in our time could not even come up with a passable definition of justice, let alone take seriously what it says.

Nonetheless, the democratic philosophy hangs on. Ask a welfare recipient, or a disenchanted working person, or

The American Grain

Continuing its survey of the radical tradition in American life, various aspects of which have been discussed by Edward Greer (January 17), Staughton Lynd (January 24) and Edward Schwartz (herewith), *The Nation* will publish in an early issue "Workers' Control: Toward a North American Movement" by John Case of the Cambridge Institute.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a participant in the women's movement, or a student what he or she thinks America ought to be, and you will hear language such as the early radical democrats used to use. "We must stop the corporations," they will say, "and rebuild communities. We must end the oppression of all minorities and overturn institutions that make us tolerate such oppression in order to earn a living. We must learn, once again, to respect one another for what we are and for what we can do." Populism is alive and well, indeed, in as unlikely places as Greenwich Village and Westport.

Our problem, however, is to convert this language into a coherent program, strategy and philosophy of social change. What must the new democrats demand? Where must they organize? What changes must they seek in the process of American politics? Having examined the main elements of past campaigns, can we apply them to the future?

It is not difficult to come up with proposals. "Break up or nationalize the corporations," "reform the tax structure," "raise the minimum wage," "adopt national health insurance," "provide an annual income of $6,500 for every family of four," "democratize the political parties," "reform the courts and prisons"—virtually every liberal-Left organization from the Americans for Democratic Action to the New American Movement now endorses such goals. The problem is to present them in such a way as to challenge the average citizen with a vision of how an alternative America might look.

I would suggest three basic slogans: "Redistribute the Welfare"; "Revive the Metropolis"; and "Redress the Gap between Nations."

The slogan, "Redistribute the Welfare," reawakens the basic American demand for equality in an era that is trying to bury it. The federal government today pays agribusiness not to plant crops while it starves poor mothers

Fleeing from the Storm (1898)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trying to raise small children. Even greater imbalance exists in the nation's overall allocation of resources. Only those engaged in production, medicine, entertainment and legal or technical occupations related directly to corporate profits are entitled to astronomical wages. The rest of us must scrounge for what's left.

"Redistribute the Welfare" links the demand for adequate income for the poor and working people with campaigns to limit corporate profits, to reform the tax structure, to lower prices. It correlates all attempts to redistribute power from men to women, from the old to the young, from the WASP majority to oppressed minorities. It demands that the government subsidize small farmers instead of the American Farm Bureau Federation; neighborhood stores instead of Standard Oil; creative artists instead of nuclear physicists.

A campaign to "Revive the Metropolis" will give the radical democrats a bearing point on both the ecology and the urban movements for social change. Americans have always sought a clean environment. Today, more than 70 per cent of the population lives in relatively small cities and towns, each of which guards its prerogatives over zoning, land use, and development with jealous vigilance. If farmers in the 19th century hoped to limit the size of communities to integrate the processes of life and work, to preserve the quality of the frontier, their descendants in the 20th century have attempted to preserve a comparable balance between cities and suburbs—expecting opportunity and excitement from the one; peace and quiet from the other. Unfortunately, modern society has given the American people neither.

By calling for a transformation of the metropolis, then, radical democrats can combine efforts to curtail industrial pollution with campaigns to redistribute wealth from suburbs to cities, to reallocate resources from the automobile to low-cost public transportation, and to rebuild housing, schools and recreation centers in areas where the poor live. Such campaigns would be egalitarian, encouraging the wealthy executive in Scarsdale to recognize his or her responsibility to maintain adequately heated tenements in Bedford-Stuyvesant. They would be communitarian, requiring that all residents of a region share in the work of rebuilding it. And they would provide standards by which to judge whether new technological innovations would represent progress, or merely supply troops for the war of the machines against human dignity.

The demand that America take the lead in redressing the gap between rich and poor nations would, however, do most to set the radical democrats apart from New Politics liberals who claim to be on their side. The basic goal of the liberals in the anti-war movement has been peace, defined as an end to military conflict. Yet from the start, the underlying crime in Indochina has been against equality—one more instance of a large nation supporting a regime that does nothing to enrich the lives of the people of a small nation. The demand for international equality lies at the heart of the Left's critique of American imperialism. Why, then, don't the radicals say so? We desperately need a group in the United States whose major purpose would be to advocate a redistribution of wealth and power from rich countries to the Third World. The radical democrats can become this

"'Twas Ever Thus" (1911)

group the moment they understand how to talk about imperialism in terms that people recognize as common sense. They must speak of the values that it perverts, the national tradition that it betrays, and the American credo that it refuses to take seriously—liberty and justice for all.

Thus, if "Redistribute the Welfare," "Revive the Metropolis," and "Redress the Gap between Nations" can become the slogans of the radical democrats, their programs will speak for themselves.

They must do more, however. A concern for justice must guide their strategic thinking as well as shape their goals. Surely, they must help to open up the political system to new groups. If justice requires that the government assist each person to make his or her best contribution to the society, it demands equally that all citizens get a chance to influence the policies of the government.

Today's political system does nothing of the sort. Party leaders grant positions only to those young people, women, and minority representatives who support the policies of the party as it is; thus they blunt the demands of the insurgents before they get even a chance to make them. The radical democrats, by contrast, must insist that the parties accept new people precisely *because* of the new concerns that they might raise. Radicals must not support anyone who claims to speak for the dispossessed, but only those who are willing to fight for justice in the country as a whole.

Radical democrats must assume responsibility for coercing private institutions to join in the struggle for justice. Throughout the 1960s, young people challenged higher education in this way. "Do not teach us to fit into the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

system as it is," they said; "teach us how to work for justice." On this basis, they demanded that universities expand their efforts to recruit poor students; to develop courses related to the social, political and moral crises of the country; to award academic credit to those working directly in the community; to withdraw investments from war-related or exploitative industries; and, in general, to give students power over the decisions that directly affected them.

Now, in the 1970s, radical democrats must mount similar campaigns elsewhere. We need lawyers who will demand justice from the courts; teachers who will demand dignity from the schools; doctors and nurses who will demand decency from the hospitals and clinics. We need saleswomen who will tell their employers to stop ordering substandard merchandise and factory workers who will tell their bosses to stop polluting Lake Michigan. Employees throughout the country are complaining that their jobs no longer enable them to give real service to their fellow citizens. A major effort to organize work-place caucuses can reverse this situation.

Yet the greatest tactical change that the radical democrats must effect lies in the way in which Americans view politics itself. Every student in an introductory college course in government is learning now that only private groups fighting for their private interests, restrained by a few "rules of the game," are truly legitimate. Even the New Politics has done little to challenge this view. At best, it has asked us to see ourselves as accountants holding a social ledger sheet, reversing the priorities of only one part of our social expenditures—our federal tax dollars—while ignoring most of the others. At worst, liberals have demanded merely the inclusion of new people and groups in politics, without speaking to the basic reasons why these groups must become involved, and what they will do when they are involved.

The transformation of modern politics must reach beyond these notions. It was the conservative Federalists who concerned themselves solely with whether unimpeded technology would yield the good life, or whether public improvements were needed as well. As we have seen, the early radical democrats disagreed. They believed that human beings could develop a social as well as a private vision, and that, if properly nurtured, this vision could make the private struggle for money and power seem tawdry. They insisted that Americans see themselves first and foremost as *citizens*, who owed allegiance to the basic values of "liberty and justice for all" that defined them as a people. They demanded that the search for justice become the major objective of national life.

The radical democrats always had the better idea, even when they lost. Now that their successors are prepared to go into battle once again, maybe they will get a chance to put their beliefs to the test. □

MIDDLE EAST IN '72

GIVING PEACE A CHANCE

HERBERT KROSNEY

Mr. Krosney, who has written for The Nation *since 1961, becomes with this issue the magazine's resident correspondent in Israel. The article below is the first of three which he is writing for early publication. In the mid-1960s, Mr. Krosney was an associate producer with CBS and a writer-producer for NET. In 1968, he moved to Jerusalem, where he helped to establish the film and documentation department of Israeli television. He is now an independent writer-producer for American television, the B.B.C. and various private organizations. Mr. Krosney is the author of* Beyond Welfare: Poverty in the Supercity *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston) and* Careers and Opportunities in International Service *(E. P. Dutton). He is at work on a third book, a collection of profiles of Israeli leaders.*

Jerusalem

While the world worries about a renewed outbreak of hostilities between Israel and Egypt, profound and largely unreported changes are taking place in the relations between the peoples central to the dispute, the Israelis and Palestinian Arabs. These changes cannot fail to affect the future of the Middle East. It is possible that, through them and not through the Jarring mission or diplomatic pressure on Israel and its most powerful rival, Egypt, peace will eventually come to the Middle East.

The changes are primarily in attitude. The Arabs in the Israeli-held territories, though they certainly do not embrace Zionism, have come to realize that Israel is a democratic state; that it is possible to prosper individually while living in a peaceful relationship with Israel; and that the Jews are deeply committed to the individual—though not necessarily the national—rights of all human beings, including Arabs. Life, they acknowledge, is more stable, more prosperous and freer in Israel than in any Arab state at the present time, with the possible exception of Lebanon.

These Arabs have not, of course, stopped being Arab, nor have they ceased to worry about the fate of their Palestinian brothers. They still want national as well as individual rights; they care with mixed degrees of concern about the Arab refugees; they often remain Palestinian patriots. But they no longer believe that it is possible to wish Israel off the face of the earth and to make pre-1947 Palestine—a "utopia" in the minds of some of their brothers—reappear. They are willing to make their peace with the Jewish state of Israel, and they know the consequences of this decision.

Israel's tourism boom over the past summer included close to 100,000 Arabs from neighboring countries, come to visit friends and families in the West Bank. They poured in across the Allenby and Damiya bridges on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Jordanian border. They toured Israel, enjoyed themselves with their families, and almost no military or security regulations were imposed upon them.

I was sitting in Costa's, a Greek restaurant in the Old City, when Issa, a good friend, came in with a group of companions. One was visiting from Saudi Arabia; another from Amman.

Issa ordered a round of Arak. I asked how his friends liked their visit to Jerusalem. "They love it," Issa said. "Two days ago they went to Natanya. They like the sea."

The friends nodded in agreement.

"Do you know they weren't asked for their identity cards even once? If they'd been in Amman, they would have been checked three times between here and Jaffa Gate [about 75 yards away]."

We all got high rather quickly, and Issa announced his plans for peace. "It is simple," he told me. "We have to bring the refugees back—or at least invite them back—all the people from Kuwait and Saudi. And then we can make Jerusalem a capital for Arabs as well as Jews.

"We Jews and Arabs can all live in peace. Then it will truly be a land of milk and honey. The tourists—there'll be so many people visiting you won't be able to walk in the streets. Peace is what we all need."

A few days later I was speaking with Hanna, who runs a laundry on the eastern side of town. The morning's news had featured the story of British soldiers gunning down several Irish rebels in Northern Ireland.

"Oh I remember the British," he said in singsong, "it doesn't pay to get them mad."

And indeed he does remember them. For Hanna, who is about 60, recalls not only the British but from his earliest boyhood he even recalls the Turks, or at the very least, he remembers all the stories concerning them. Hanna has known four rulers in Jerusalem—the Turks, the British, the Jordanians and the Israelis. Here are his views on two of these rulers:

"The British were the toughest. When they got mad, uh-uh. I know them. They don't always stop to look at what they're shooting. They just shoot. They get angry and just shoot."

"What about the Jews?" I asked.

"Oh, the Jews are good. They're tough, too. But if you keep your nose clean they're all right. The Jews pick the people who want to hit at them. Then they're tough.

"But they have to know you're involved. With the British it was different. They'd get mad and take their machine guns and spray."

Moshe Dayan's policy of selective retaliation was widely criticized in the world press two years ago. The policy was simple: if a house or even an entire village were known to have sheltered or otherwise cooperated with terrorists, the Israeli Army would take decisive and immediate remedial action. This consisted of removing the occupants and often the belongings from a house, then blowing it up. The loss of property was great; there was no loss of life. If an entire village had cooperated, it was quickly quarantined, which meant that the male inhabitants of the village could not get to work and made access to anything but essential food extremely difficult.

Not nice—a page torn from the book of rules of British military occupation—but nicely effective. Wars of "popular liberation" don't always liberate. Surely one of the great failures of the last years has been the attempt by the Arab Fatah and Popular Liberation Front to undermine Israeli control of the territories.

Of course, the Israelis were helped immeasurably by the fierce battles between the Palestinians and the Jordanian royalty. The action of King Hussein in suppressing the Palestinian terrorists combined with the effective Israeli action to put an abrupt, if temporary, end to Palestinian terrorism. Even before that, however, the Arab revolutionists had not been particularly effective.

I remember a correspondent visiting Jerusalem who compared the Arab insurgents to the Vietcong. "The trouble with the Arabs," he said, "is that they're not tough enough in killing their own people. They've got to march into villages, as the Vietcong do, and make an example of the headman a couple of times. Then they'd get the respect of the people."

Perhaps the Arab rebels weren't tough enough, but contrary to the opinion of the visiting correspondent, the Arab terrorists did attempt to control their own population. It's just that the Israelis were much better than they at playing with the stick and carrot. I suspect there is hardly an Arab village in all of Palestine that does not have at least one villager in the pay of the Israeli intelligence services.

The Arabs on the West Bank learned quickly. A rebel fish must "swim in the sea" of popular opposition to a governing regime. The Arab fish failed to swim in arid and rocky Palestine, and most of the local Arabs want nothing to do with the terrorists. In Hanna's words, "If you leave the Jews alone, they'll leave you alone."

A friend, who shall be nameless, is a wealthy West Bank merchant. In the 1947-49 war he was an officer in the Palestinian irregular forces. He was, in fact, one of those responsible for blowing up the *Palestine Post* building in 1947. He was never happy about Jordanian rule of his portion of Palestine, although he did run guns and ammunition to Iraqi rebels in the fifties for the King, and probably began the accumulation of his small fortune in so doing.

Since 1967 he has come to despair of military solutions in the Holy Land, and has preached Arab-Jewish cooperation by way of a Palestinian entity, or Palestinian state, aligned with Israel within a confederation. Many Palestinians on the West Bank agreed with him in 1967 and 1968 and today it is possible that a majority do.

However, my friend became a bit discouraged by the prospects for peace, and about two years ago decided to diversify his financial holdings. He bought two supermarkets in black areas of Brooklyn and made several other investments in Europe and the United States. He bought the supermarkets from Jewish owners. They were run profitably for a short time by members of his family who lived in the States. Then one burned down, possibly as a result of arson. Insurance did not cover the loss.

My friend pleaded with the New York police to find the culprits. He told them that he was a poor Palestinian Arab whose homeland was occupied by the Jews and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who had come to America to find equality and opportunity. The police work was as ineffective as the insurgency of the Palestinian rebels. He received little sympathy and no compensation for his burned-out supermarket.

He decided to return to Israel and invest in business ventures within the booming Israeli economy. When he came back to Israel, distraught by his expensive ventures in the United States, his Israeli friends jokingly asked him, "what could he expect buying stores from Jews in Brooklyn?"

He agreed. It was better to deal with Jews in Israel. He immediately went into a much better deal, obtaining loan money of a sizable amount from the West Bank military government, which was delighted to help. He and four or five Arab partners have begun to build a huge supermarket shopping area complex to the south of Jerusalem.

He is not alone. Hundreds, if not thousands, of Arab merchants are working prosperously within the framework of a commercial relationship with Israel, most often on a smaller scale than that of my friend but nonetheless in active, fruitful, day-to-day contact. Commerce between Jew and Arab is growing every day and in such a way as to have irreversible long-range effects on the economy of the Middle East.

Building is proceeding in Jerusalem at a frenetic pace. The workers are all Arabs, earning better wages than they've ever earned before. To the great distress of old-time Zionists, the Jews must hire Arabs to fill the need for unskilled labor. In fact, there aren't enough workers; the building contractors must compete for the scarce labor and pay even higher wages. As the commercial relationships grow, more and more Arabs learn basic Hebrew, and more and more Jews pick up a knowledge of Arabic.

Recently I interviewed the editor of the Arabic-language paper in Jerusalem, *El Quds*. He said bluntly, "I've never had more freedom than what I have now. You know that Hussein never trusted us. He thought the Palestinians would revolt against him one day. Now, except for matters dealing with military security, I'm free to write whatever I want. As a newspaper editor I have more freedom here than I would in any place in the Arab world, with the possible exception of Beirut."

He can never be completely happy, however, until he has full political as well as personal rights. Intellectually, he is still strongly against Zionism and what he suspects will be his relegation to second-class citizenship.

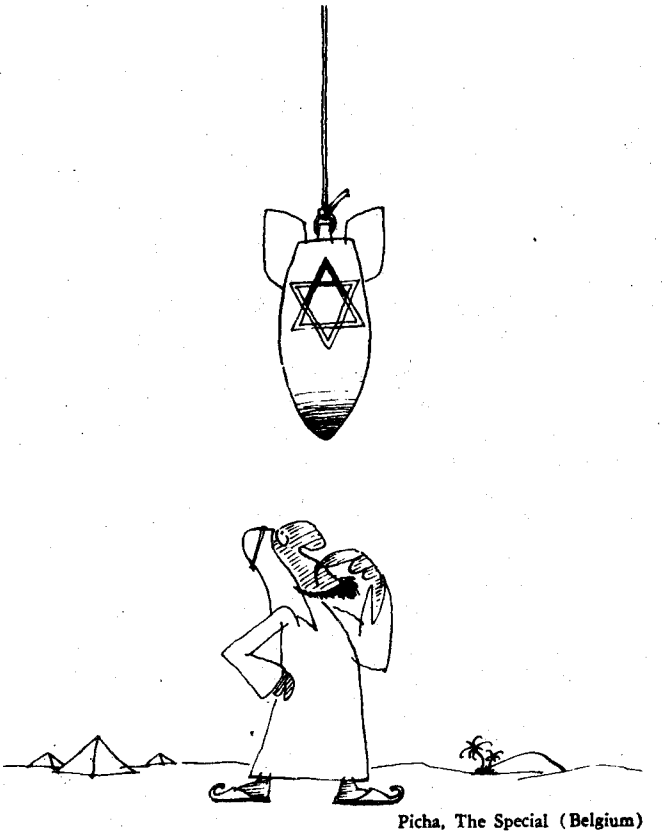
> Why does a Russian Jew have rights to live here? This is my homeland. How can someone from Russia, or Morocco, have the same rights as I do—or more rights? This is my land, not his—he's never even seen it before.

Ever since the war, Jordan has attempted to maintain its claim to the West Bank by continuing to pay salaries to former Jordanian civil servants. In many cases, this has meant double salaries for officials who now work in an identical capacity for Israeli Government services. Several days before my interview with the editor, Jordan had announced that it was stopping payments to these Arabs in the West Bank and Jerusalem.

"Maybe they can't afford it," says the editor, "because Saudi and the others are cutting back their subsidies. But what they're doing is renouncing their claim on us. We were never too happy about the Jordanians. Now they're admitting they'll never get the West Bank back.

"But for real peace with Israel all the Palestinians will have to be able to come back. And Jerusalem can't remain exclusively Israeli. Then we'll have real peace. I don't hate Jews as individuals. I've grown to like many of them. But we Palestinians have rights here. That has to be recognized, too."

Israel recently authorized elections in the West Bank



Picha, The Special (Belgium)

municipalities, to take place in the late spring of 1972. The Arab incumbents, who have been in office since 1963 (the elections due in 1967 never took place because of the Six Day War), are on the whole unhappy about having to stand for re-election. The Jordanian Government has denounced the proposed elections and proclaimed that anyone voting in them would be accused of complicity with the Israelis. The Fatah and other Palestinians outside Israel say that cooperation is tantamount to treason against the Palestinian cause.

A few mayors of the biggest cities—many cooperating fully in day-to-day affairs with the Israeli authorities, but always keeping an eye on the Jordanians and Palestinians across the borders—have announced they will not cooperate and will not run. Whereupon a number of younger Palestinians, most of whom favor a Palestinian entity and future cooperation with Israel, have said they *will* run. The mayors now have the choice of running or losing their prestigious and powerful posts.

The outcome of this complicated duel in political strategy is not yet known. What is evident is that Israel stands a good chance of having its rule implicitly recognized and in seeing Palestinian leaders, both nationalist

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and more openly advocating a future peace with Israel, coming into power in the West Bank.

One of the ironies of these approaching elections is that they will be held under Jordanian law. The medieval qualifications imposed by Jordanian authorities in order to maintain the monarchy are that only property owners and taxpayers above a certain rate level are allowed to vote. Thus in a town of 20,000, not more than several hundred residents might be eligible. In the 1969 Jerusalem mayoralty election more than 8,000 Arabs voted—at least four times more than voted in Jordanian times.

As the Arab editor in Jerusalem, and numerous other Arabs, have said to me, "Israel is a democracy. It is a free country and we can see this." Simply by being itself and living in peace with more than 1 million Arabs, Israel is forcing comparisons with Arab feudalism that must redound to its favor in the long run.

With all this, prospects for peace in the Middle East remain dim. Sadat has proclaimed that Egypt could live in peace with Israel if Israel withdrew from the territories, but it could never have normal relationships with the Zionist state. Egypt does not want a true peace with Israel, even on its own terms. Paradoxically, Sadat claims that he will never betray "Palestinian rights" at the very time when Israel's relations with the Palestinian people have begun to flower.

Israel, isolated diplomatically, cannot accept anything less than true peace and can certainly never accept withdrawal from Sinai while an Egyptian war threat exists. Even if it withdrew from much of Sinai, Israel would have to insist on full demilitarization of the peninsula and protection of its navigation rights in the Straits of Tiran by retention of Sharm el Sheikh and the land strip leading to it. Israel, and the Jews in general, have learned from sad experience that no one but Israel or the Jews will ultimately be responsible for the protection of Israeli (or Jewish) rights; policy is based on that premise. The attempts for a limited agreement concerning the reopening of the Suez Canal must fail, as long as Egypt insists on reasserting its sovereignty in Sinai by sending a military force to the East Bank after Israeli withdrawal.

Egypt, backed by Russia and France, two powers with varying commercial and military ambitions in the Mediterranean, has managed to muster the support of a preponderance of governments on its side, as reflected in the recent United Nations General Assembly vote sustaining the Egyptian position. This encourages the Arab states to believe that they can negotiate Israeli withdrawal without paying the price of insuring Israeli security, and without sitting down at the same conference table with the Jews. Sadat, in his effort to rally world opinion, blusters war threats without the means to sustain his threats (despite the Russian help); he could easily talk himself into a corner where he must renew hostilities in order to prove to his population and the Arab world that he is not a straw man and a braggart.

Thus, the paradox of 1972: as Israel comes into a relation of peace and commercial harmony with the more than 1 million Arabs living under its control, the Arab states still talk in the outmoded language of the 1960s and earlier. I believe peace will come to the Middle East when the United States and other countries insist that the two parties negotiate their troubles for themselves, and when Israel does not feel trapped in diplomatic isolation. The latter strikes a deep-rooted and historically well-founded fear of betrayal among Israelis, if not Jews in general. No one—not the Russians, the French or the Chinese—will be able to bring peace to the Middle East. But the parties to the dispute, the Jews and the Arabs, could do it easily enough once they got to the conference table.

The big question for 1972 is whether President Sadat of Egypt is man enough to sit down at the same table with an elderly Jewish grandmother by the name of Golda Meir. If he does, he would find Israel far less intransigent than he believes, and real peace would become a possibility in the Middle East. Peace is already happening in the Israeli-held territorities. Given a chance it could also happen between Israel and the Arab states. □

LOCKER ROOM LIB

THE SPORTS REBELLION

STEVE MURDOCK
Mr. Murdock, who formerly wrote on sports for a Wyoming newspaper, now edits the publication issued by Local 1199 Drug & Hospital Union in New York.

When the New York Track Writers Association gathered at Mama Leone's on January 3 for its first session of 1972, the dominant topic was the gold medal chances of the United States at the Olympic Games in Munich this summer. None of the writers, coaches or track officials at the first luncheon chose to speculate on whether the specter of a black boycott of the U.S. Olympic team will be raised again, as it was before the Mexico City Olympics four years ago. Perhaps no one wished to mar the new year by raising a subject so distasteful to the track establishment.

The memory of Tommie Smith and John Carlos standing with black-gloved hands aloft and heads bowed during the 200-meter victory ceremony in Mexico, still shakes them up at Olympic House on Park Avenue. Posters of Smith and Carlos in the act can still be purchased in Greenwich Village. Memory of the event is still fresh, and the sports establishment is nervous.

When Bill Bowerman of the University of Oregon, who will be the head coach of the U.S. track team, was inter-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

viewed shortly after his appointment was announced, he said:

> The main problem is that the opposition is awfully good. There are no "walk-on" victories anymore. We'll be fighting for our lives. There's no question of that. So it's extremely important we don't have any problems which would interfere with our preparations. I don't think there will be anything like the boycott troubles of 1968.

If there's a whistling-past-the-graveyard tone to that last sentence it's justified. There may not be a boycott, but it's a good bet that something will happen at Munich.

Jack Scott of Berkeley, who is the director of the Institute for the Study of Sport and Society and the author of *The Athletic Revolution*, says: "There are no formal plans at this time for demonstrations at the Munich Olympics, but, as Harry Edwards points out, 'It's too early right now to announce anything—even if plans are under way.' "

Edwards was the architect of the boycott movement four years ago. He is the former San Jose State athlete —now an assistant professor of sociology at the University of California—who promulgated the idea that black athletes should refuse to compete for the United States in Mexico. That strategy was subsequently abandoned in favor of the Smith-Carlos salute and the less controversial black berets worn by Lee Evans, Ron Freeman, Vince Matthews and Larry James at victory ceremonies.

In 1968 Edwards made the mistake of talking a lot about what was going to happen before he had the black athletes solidly in his movement. That was one of the factors that made the boycott strategy impossible and dictated a lesser protest. Judging by the sentence of his that Scott quotes, Edwards is being more careful this time, and Munich may be different.

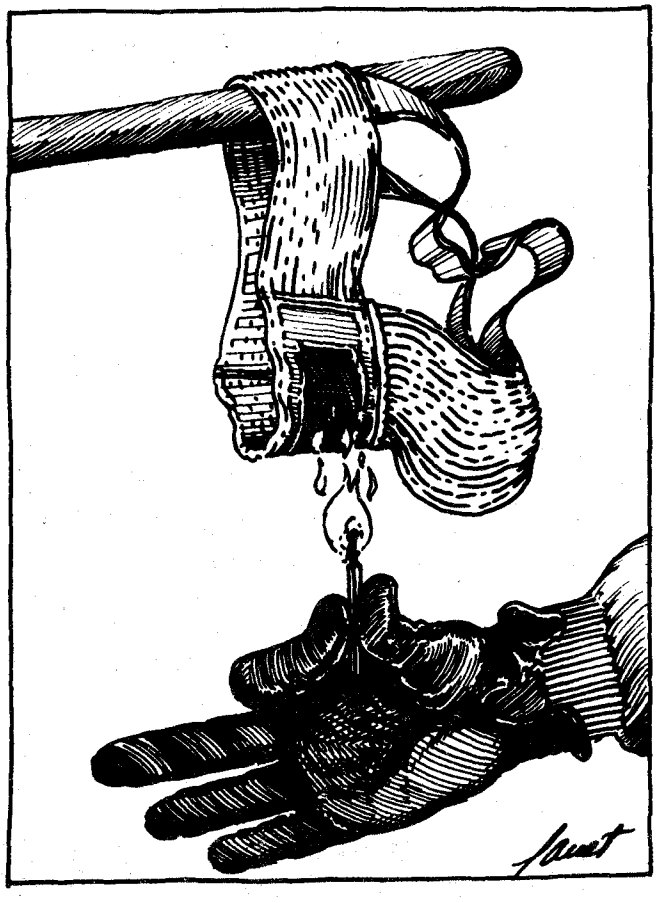
Scott says: "My opinion is that if certain athletes make the team, the Mexico City demonstrations will seem like an afternoon tea in comparison with what will happen in Munich. If demonstrations were warranted in 1968—and I certainly believe they were—they are even more warranted today."

So 1972 is a kind of anniversary—a time for stocktaking in what has come to be known as The Revolt of the Athletes. The revolt, of course, extends beyond the plight of the black athlete. Since *The Nation* last dealt in a comprehensive fashion with the revolt ("Beards and Brawn: The Dissident Varsity," March 16, 1970), there have been many developments—far too many to chronicle here.

A flood of books have appeared on the subject, two of them attracting considerable attention. One is *They Call It a Game* by Bernie Parrish, a former defensive back for the Cleveland Browns; the other is *Out of Their League* by Dave Meggyesy, former linebacker for the St. Louis Cardinals. Jim Bouton's *Ball Four* has also caused a lot of talk. Scott's *The Athletic Revolution*, though less well known, is the best effort so far to chronicle the history of the whole revolt rather than to describe its effect on some one sport.

In addition to the books (and there are others besides those mentioned), the newspapers, magazines and radio-TV have discovered the subject. Scott's institute runs a clipping service on material dealing with the athletic revolution—culled from publications across the nation—and the volume is only slightly short of that accorded the assorted contenders for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. In the preface to his book, Scott says:

> The student movement, the black liberation movement, and the growing counter-culture all began to have an impact on high school and college athletics during the late 1960s, and this led to an inevitable clash between athletes and their coaches and athletic directors. Since 1967 well over 100 athletic programs at major colleges and universities have been rocked by some form of disturbance. Additionally, although athletic departments are facing the worst financial crisis in the history of intercollegiate athletics, many college student governments are beginning to withhold funding they have traditionally given athletic departments. In short, college athletics as we enter the 1970s is facing its most severe crisis.



And things are far from quiet on the professional front. The Supreme Court is expected to hear arguments shortly on Curt Flood's challenge of the reserve clause system, as it is practiced in professional baseball. The eventual decision in this case could well establish restraints on the slave-trade practices of baseball club owners. And as columnist Red Smith notes, "Even if the Court does not uphold the Thirteenth Amendment, Congress just might get the notion that baseball has been above the law long enough, and do something about it."

Parrish tells in his book of his attempt to bring

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

professional athletes into one big union. "I formulated a plan to try and get the four major league players associations—football, baseball, basketball and hockey—to merge into one union with four divisions, an organization large and powerful enough to deal effectively with matters common to all professional sports, and still allow each division to deal with problems unique to its own sport. All professional athletes face fundamentally the same problems—a player draft system, a reserve or option clause which binds them to a club for life, a relatively short career, and having to deal with the legal entity of a league set up with decisions made collectively but with profits divided among various corporations."

Parrish's scheme didn't materialize, but it's significant that the players associations—most notably those in football and basketball—are stronger than they have ever been. More and more, they are being regarded as unions, and Parrish, who is linked to the Teamsters, may one day see his plan realized.

Scott looks to an even more radical solution: "Although it would be a progressive step for the National Football League players to follow Parrish's suggestion and become a formal trade union organization, it would be even more progressive for them to take over the league themselves and have real workers' control."

By any standard of measurement, the athletic revolution has progressed in the last four years. It has gone far beyond the struggle for the right to wear long hair and beards and has begun to reflect additional pressures, including that of women's liberation.

It has even developed its own internal conflicts. Scott puts it this way: "Today black athletes are no longer struggling alone, as they were in 1968 when they were serving as the vanguard of the athletic movement. The athletic movement must continue to associate itself with the larger political movement or else it will become totally co-opted into 'jock lib'—you know, higher salaries and the right to have long hair and wear bell-bottoms.

"Those of us in leadership positions in the athletic movement have a responsibility to make it clear one need not drop acid twice a week and become a counterculture freak in order to be involved in the athletic movement. If the anti-work, hedonistic life style of the counterculture ever was progressive, it certainly is no longer today." Thus Scott rather carefully dissociates himself from the super-radical—or dropout—wing of the athletic revolution.

Another articulate spokesman for the athletic revolution is Bruce Kidd, a Canadian who only a few years ago was one of his country's top distance runners and a figure familiar on running tracks in the United States. Kidd wrote not long ago, "I think that students have become apathetic and even hostile to sport, largely because its image personifies so many of the beliefs they oppose. Sport is usually equated with competition, for example, and there is a general revolt among young people today against all competitive aspects of modern living. Competition not only produces the best athlete at the expense of everyone else but it implies the psychological necessity of treating the opposition as the enemy."

Obviously, the Kidd thesis has been carried to extremes by some participants in the sports revolution, and Scott seems now to be issuing a warning against getting out too far.

But at the same time he warns against idols who may give no more than the appearance of being anti-Establishment: "Joe Namath may be a pleasant enough guy to his friends, but his life style is *avant-garde* consumerism. It most certainly is not radical."

Meanwhile, coming up fast in the athletic revolution sweepstakes is women's liberation. Women jockeys, women marathon runners, women umpires, girl pitchers in Little League, and professional women tennis players are demanding a fair shot at the loot—or else. In New York's Central Park last September a woman for the first time ran the marathon in less than three hours, and the staid old Boston Marathon seems to be realizing that it can't run women competitors off the streets. And now the courts have ruled in favor of a woman baseball umpire.

This is a development that has grown most markedly in the past four years—just as women's lib has. It is a new factor and one that Scott says cannot be ignored.

Daily headlines make it clear that the revolt of the black athletes is not losing steam. Six black basketball players boycotted the Cornell team for three games in December. Providence College lost its black captain for several games when two black players were dismissed. Columbia's basketball team has been hard hit by the departure of both black and white players. And the Harlem Globetrotters have been on strike.

Last summer when a U.S. track team played host to a team representing—for the first time in history—the continent of Africa, blacks in the stands at Duke University in Durham, N. C., kept their own rather proudly displayed scoreboard. They added the points scored by black Americans to those scored by the virtually all-black African team and came up with a clear triumph for black pigmentation. Every black athlete—United States or African—who won an event received a tremendous ovation from a predominantly black crowd.

Black track athletes have said for years, "Where would the United States be in the Olympics without us?" Adolf Hitler turned it around in 1936 when he said the United States would never have won more medals than his super-Aryans if it hadn't been for their "black mercenaries." It was inevitable that someone like Harry Edwards would come along with an Olympic Project for Human Rights. It's only strange it didn't happen sooner. Scott would seem to be right when he says that something will happen at Munich. □

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Because of postal regulations, *The Nation*'s mailing list must be arranged according to Zip Codes. Therefore—with *any* correspondence about address changes, renewals, etc.—please enclose the address label from your *Nation*. If you don't have a label, be sure to include your Zip number, and *be sure it is correct*. Without it, we cannot find your name plate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

George Seferis: Part I

WILLIAM BURFORD
Mr. Burford's most recent book of poems was A Beginning *(W. W. Norton).*

Seferis was one of the masters. We first knew him in this country as one of the principal characters, Seferiades, in Henry Miller's *The Colossus of Maroussi*, published after Miller's visit to Greece in 1939 just before World War II. The exuberant personality that Miller described, possessed of a vitality "between a bull and a panther," whose verses were recited with full-throated, resonant passion by another Greek poet, unnamed, exiled not too unhappily on one of the Greek islands—in 1938 Greece was also under a dictatorial regime but less stringent than that of today—this hardly seemed the person or the voice behind the poems of Seferis that Rex Warner translated into English in 1960. That is not to say that Miller's description was extravagantly wild or off the mark, but to point to the fact that the passion of Seferis is not immediately graspable from the carefully controlled and even withdrawn surface manner one meets on first reading his poetry. This surface is deceptive; the farther one penetrates it the closer to truth does Miller's metaphor for the intense physicality of the poet's nature become. The mysteries and elaborations of his verse extend from this primary erotic source.

Seferis is not principally valuable because he revived in some theoretical sense what we still call the Greek or Classical tradition. In his book, *On the Greek Style: Selected Essays in Poetry and Hellenism*, he was quick to say that "Greece" does not belong exclusively to the race, literature, or geographical locality designated as Greek. Nor was Seferis a propagandist for the classics, though he was deeply imbued with Greek art, myth, language and the Greek landscape. From the facts of his biography we are reminded that he spent a large part of his adult life away from Greece proper, during the years he served in various foreign posts with the Greek diplomatic service from which he retired in 1965, to live in Athens, six years before his death in September of last year. However, throughout the course of an itinerant and at times dislocated existence, the continuous, passionate center of Seferis' life was his sense of the human body, of the nude, and of the spirit as manifested in the flesh, a feeling that is intensely Greek or Mediterranean—which Camus, perhaps of all the Western writers roughly contemporaneous with Seferis, would at once have recognized as their shared heritage. I do not know whether Seferis and Camus were familiar with each other's work; apparently they never actually met. Camus, who from early youth had wanted to visit Greece, was stopped short on the verge of a trip there in 1939 by the outbreak of the war; he did not go to Greece until 1955 when Seferis was absent in Iraq as the Greek ambassador. Camus' early essays about the life (and death) of the body on the beaches of Algiers would have struck an answering note in Seferis, and I think many of Seferis' poems and much of the prose in *On the Greek Style* would have deeply attracted Camus.

I mention this possible concurrence of the sensibilities of two great modern writers in order to suggest that our familiarity with Camus, which is owing in part, at least, to the long-standing exchange between French literature and American, and in part to the fact that Camus is a writer of novels and short stories rather than a poet—to suggest that this knowledge of Camus might lead us to ask why a man like Seferis has enjoyed no such place in our minds or hearts. The publishers of *On the Greek Style*, the Atlantic Monthly Press, let the book go out of print because in five years it had sold so few copies that they could not justify keeping it on their list. Yet there is hardly any other book of which I know that is more intelligently and passionately distinctive in its record of what the mind of a poet and the creation of poetry have meant in our time. *On the Greek Style* should join Camus' essays in the latter half of the American edition of *The Myth of Sisyphus*, and his *Exile and the Kingdom*, and Sir Kenneth Clark's *The Nude*, and the less well known books of another English art critic, Adrian Stokes. These books together serve to restore the integrity, the wholeness, the abiding value of the human body.

No theme calls more essentially for continual renewal, especially at this time, when the body is both magnified and picked to pieces, as it were, by a kind of mechanical, exhibitionist presentation. Distortion and vulgarity can be seen plainly as such in the flesh. Injustices are not inflicted on abstractions any more than on disembodied spirits. Inhumanity is committed not against ideologies which, as Camus saw, were themselves most often agents of the inhuman. The counteragent, the defense against these destructive processes, is reverence for the living presence of the body. At one time the tradition of the human body as the central subject of art, which fed from Greece into the Renaissance, was a kind of touchstone for civic and even religious sanity, and for artistic excellence. The disintegration of this tradition is too well documented to need further rehearsal.

Seferis brings the tradition singularly and hauntingly to life in a passage from an essay, "Letter to a Foreign Friend," that he wrote from Ankara in 1948 in tribute to T. S. Eliot (but not in entire tribute), remembering the London of 1931. He was serving then at the Greek embassy there, and first came across Eliot's poem, "Marina"—a poem of longing and search by a father for his lost daughter, for his own flesh and blood, which becomes a way of telling of the search by the soul for the body, or by the body for its soul. The poem might be easily read in each of these ways, or better, all of them together. Seferis writes about the London in which he found this poem:

> I remember the time—it now seems so long ago—when I was making my first faltering discovery of London, which I thought of as a gigantic seaport, and of the English language, whose music sounded so much more fluid than that of our own tongue. Also, the shock I experienced at the sour taste of death in the fog, and the intensified circulation of fear in the arteries of the great city. Death, I kept thinking, is for us a sudden wound; here it is a slow poison. I carried with me a great nostalgia, which was awakened on many occasions by the kind of formless sensitivity and patient, really rather cold politeness with which I was surrounded. I had no friends in England then. My only acquaintances were the crowds in the streets, and the museums. The pre-Raphaelite paintings in the Tate Gallery bored me. I often had to rush out of my house to see again a fragment of the Greek marbles—especially, for reasons I won't dwell on, the one of the Ilissus—or a small portrait by El Greco at the National Gallery. An unconfirmed idea had taken root in my mind that the model for this picture must have been a Cretan boatman.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seferis was not simply a Greek looking for something eminently Greek in the midst of an otherwise foreign city; and though somewhat enigmatically he does not tell us why he kept returning to see the reclining statue of the river god, called the Ilissus, we know if we have seen it ourselves, or pictures of it, that it is one of the most beautiful male nudes in all sculpture. In the midst of the London which Seferis describes, which was the London of Eliot's "Waste Land," the real city out of which the phantasmagoric poem was formed—a poem in which the human body is shown in states of stupor and degradation, imitated by Eliot half-satirically, half-pitifully, a poem that Seferis was to translate into modern Greek—what Seferis returned to in the great Ilissus sculpture, and in El Greco's apostle-fisherman-saint, was a wholeness and sanity and even glory of bodily life that was lacking in everything else he saw and sensed around him. It was the image, the remembrance and still the promise, of a world of physical fullness and meaning, intact even though headless like Rilke's archaic Apollo in the midst of an atmosphere that threatened the opposite: coldness and a shriveling of sensuous resources.

There is a prose poem by Seferis dating from approximately this same time in which the genie or demon of Nijinsky suddenly springs up in the poet's sitting room one night; the figure is the mad Nijinsky with curls from the drawings in the *Diary*, a kind of false angel or false Christ, the sweetly androgynous Nijinsky of *Le Spectre de la Rose*, and also, since Seferis was steeped in Rimbaud during this period, a horrifying travesty of Rimbaud's "Genie" from *Illuminations*. Seferis' poem is unique in his work and would seem to have been written to invoke and exorcise, in a triumph for the poet, the sexual grotesqueries to which the body can fall prey. The Ilissus sculpture would stand in strong, saving contrast to this perverse image of the body.

But Seferis was not concerned to use the statue as example or proof of an ideal classic past superior to a decadent present. It is not material for Pound's exaltation of the pagan over the Christian, nor for Yeats's similar inclination. For Seferis there was no separation between ancient Greece and Christian Greece. He speaks of looking at the nude river god and at El Greco's saint with the same impulse; and he always found the struggle between flesh and soul in Eliot's poetry a vestige of American puritanism. In his essay of tribute to Eliot he gives thanks for the happy chance that first put "Marina" in his hands rather than "Ash Wednesday," because the latter would probably have smothered the instant spark of attraction that Eliot's verse struck in him. That the sensuous world, Pan with his antique flute, must be left behind in the soul's pursuit of an intangible world of faith, was artificial to Seferis' nature and did, in fact, bring out the specifically Greek in him.

> . . . we like to have even the most abstract notions presented in a familiar form, something which a Christian of the West would call idolatry. Also, we are—in the original sense of the word—very conservative. None of our traditions, Christian or pre-Christian, have really died out. Often when I attend the ritual procession on Good Friday, it is difficult for me to decide whether the god that is being buried is Christ or Adonis.

Up to a certain point in his career Eliot would have been intrigued by this, but not after his conversion. Though there are torments in Seferis' poems, there is never the obsessive Christian-Augustinian struggle of a more enlightened, more spiritual religion superseding a false, material one. The dualism of soul and body simply did not make sense to Seferis. He took the New Testament literally: the Word is made flesh and dwells among us (in the present), just as Athena takes the form of Mentor in *The Odyssey*. Whatever void Seferis found behind the gold mask of Agamemnon or the King of Asine, it did not lead him to abandon matter for spirit. That would have been to cut the most vital connection in life and art. Or as he put it: "In Greece one is more friendly, more at one with the universe. An idea becomes an object with surprising ease. It seems to become all but physically incarnated in the web of the sun."

The body as the motive for poetry, as what the poet seeks, as what he has lost—not in metaphysical unearthliness but human, sensuously existing, the felt reality of a living, possible, and at the same time, elusive desire—was Seferis' motive. To be joined to such a body, and soul (for one was evidence of the other), or failing that to behold it, to be within sight, almost within touch of it, might be a lifetime's preoccupation, the symbol continually arising from the reality. In no other poetry, past or present, is there such a sense of that which just escapes the hands, just eludes the touch, as in Seferis, even when one remembers the eleventh book of *The Odyssey*.

Describing the movement of Eliot's poetry, Seferis said that it evoked in him two things: "this lovely prow which forges slowly ahead" and "the rise toward life of a wounded body." Whether or not this is true of Eliot, it is true of Seferis. But the body and the ship's prow, an image of the body, which Seferis had continually before him —"and the ship with its forked shoulder-blades more tender than the joining of our first love"—arises at this time worse than wounded, mutilated, wrecked in the havoc of 20th-century politics, almost beyond resurrection.

> *we believed in the body's omnipotence.*
> *And now the new moon has come*
> *out embracing*
> *the old; and the beautiful island*
> *bleeding,*
> *wounded; the calm island—the strong,*
> *the innocent island.*
>
> *And the bodies like broken branches,*
> *like roots uprooted.*
>
> (from "Days of June '41")

The beautiful island was Cyprus, Aphrodite's island, and the echo of "the new moon with the old moon in her arms" is from the Scottish ballad, "Sir Patrick Spens," who lies with all his men at his feet drowned on the sea's floor. The year 1941 was one of the worst of the war in the Mediterranean; Seferis was with the Greek Government in exile, first in Egypt, subsequently in South Africa.

In the *Collected Poems: 1924-1955*, translated by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard, Seferis' early rhymed poems are put out of chronology at the back of the volume because the translators (perhaps at Seferis' own request) do not consider them the beginning of his mature work. But one might suggest a way of recognizing a poet's self that Seferis suggests for Cavafy, who also "began" rather late: "Starting from his basic characteristic, his unity, we shall listen." Sartre, in *Being and Nothingness*, in different words recommends much the same approach: "We will discover the individual person in the initial project which constitutes him." And Sartre goes on to point out that "the fundamental project, the person, is never apprehended except through desires—as we can apprehend space only through bodies which shape it for us." Seferis' earliest published poems reveal acutely what his basic characteristic, his fundamental project, his desire was, and continued to be with increasing intensity and ever-deepening private as well as public implications, throughout his long career as a poet, into the savage and humbling necessities of his old age and approaching death, as they are faced in the last poems, the *Three Secret Poems*, he published in 1966. Two passages, the first from a poem of 1924, the second from *Three Secret Poems*, reveal the astonishing and exemplary continuity of Seferis' life's work:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where is the place
and your nakedness to the waist,
my God, and my favorite spot
and the style of your soul!

* * *

Remember the robe you saw
open and slip over nakedness
and fall about the ankles,
dead—
if only this sleep had fallen so
among the laurels of the dead.

Leaving the naked vision still alive. □

The Cloak of Invisibility

GROWING UP FEMALE IN AMERICA: TEN LIVES. *Edited with an Introduction by Eve Merriam. Doubleday & Co. 308 pp. $7.95.*

BARBARA BELLOW WATSON
Mrs. Watson teaches modern English literature at the City College of New York, and is the author of A Shavian Guide to the Intelligent Woman, *a study of Bernard Shaw's views on women, a new edition of which is about to be published by the Norton Library.*

The inner history of women before the 20th century is lost, probably forever. What can we know of a tribe that made no laws of its own, left almost no pictures or artifacts, and wrote only a few books—in which important subjects were taboo and every attitude had to be acceptable to another tribe? With rare exceptions, if any, women have been in this sense prehistoric creatures, like a Stone Age people surviving among the space ships, unnoticed just because they are so visible. It is true, of course, that ordinary men are also ignored in the history books. Generals hog the pages as they do the national budget. But it is not so much the public histories we miss; it is the sense of what one kind of existence means to the existent. Men never indexed in the textbooks have left us this kind of record in some depth, in novels, essays, autobiographies, poems, plays and public speech, but we know very little of the lives of women, and much of what we do know is unreliable. Eve Merriam has moved into this void with *Growing Up Female in America: Ten Lives.*

The ten lives of the subtitle cover a wide range. There are obscure persons, including an 18th-century schoolgirl, the wife of a Confederate officer, a pioneer woman crossing the plains in a covered wagon, a black woman born a slave, a Jewish woman born in a Midwestern ghetto, and a Winnebago Indian woman. There are also distinguished names: Elizabeth Cady Stanton, founder of the women's suffrage movement; Maria Mitchell, the astronomer; Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, both minister and doctor, and "Mother" Mary Jones, the labor organizer. Each woman tells her story in her own words, a plan that has obvious advantages but also some peculiar drawbacks.

Certainly the very interesting experiences of these women are better seen through their own eyes, and it is easy enough to interpret them for ourselves and to read between the lines as necessary. Nevertheless, there is something missing in these accounts. For every revelation, there is an omission, and often the omission seems to be in the writer's mind, not just on the page. The sense of rebellion is there, but it seems weaker than one would expect. The more educated the woman, the more explicit the rebellion—an old rule, well understood by tyrannies—but the acceptance of woman's role remains astonishing, especially considering the number of outstanding rebels included. For the slave the passionate issue is slavery, for the woman living under siege it is artillery shells, for the labor organizer it is the mutilated bodies of factory children.

Certain principles emerge clearly from experiences as different as preaching a sermon and giving birth to a baby in a covered wagon. The most useful of these seems to be that laws and regulations are less of an obstacle to women than the ideal of ladylike behavior. The Southern lady living under fire at Vicksburg saw a young soldier she knew torn apart by a shell and bleeding to death. "My first impulse was to run down to them with the few remedies I possessed. Then I thought of the crowd of soldiers around the men; and if my husband should come and see me there—the only lady—he might think I did wrong; so I sent the servant . . . and turned into my cave with a sickened heart."

On the other hand, there is Dr. Anna Howard Shaw's account of how, as a college student and apprentice preacher, she rode all night through dense woods on her way to preach at a lumber camp next morning, with her gun cocked and pointed at the back of the aspiring rapist who was driving her there. Dr. Shaw's comment on the moment when the man's intentions became clear is one sentimentalists should tack up over the kitchen sink: "I slipped my hand into the satchel in my lap, and it touched my revolver. No touch of human fingers ever brought such comfort." But Anna Shaw was made a realist at 12 when she was dropped in the open wilderness with two sisters, a little brother, and a mother who could not walk or stand alone. Of her father, who joined the family a year later when shelter, water supply and the rest had been established, she said: "From his viewpoint, he was doing a man's duty. He was . . . giving much time to big public movements of his day which had his interest and sympathy." The comment omitted, whether through irony or Christian charity or scorn, is one most women can supply for themselves.

It was Mother Jones, another graduate of the female academy of hard knocks, who said, "I told the women I did not believe in women's rights nor in men's rights, but in human rights. 'No matter what your fight,' I said, 'don't be ladylike! God Almighty made women and the Rockefeller gang of thieves made the ladies.' "

The needle, that almost mythic appendage of Woman, appears again and again to remind us how perceptibly times have changed. From the fairy-tale princess stitching by her window, to the drudge of Thomas Hood's "Song of the Shirt," the needle, picayune, tedious, sharp, accompanies the lives of women

Bill Mauldin
The Brass Ring
A Sort of a Memoir
With photos and cartoons by Mauldin. A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection. $7.95

Volunteers for the Gallows
by BÉLA SZÁSZ. $6.95

Flawed Words and Stubborn Sounds
A CONVERSATION WITH
Elliott Carter
by ALLEN EDWARDS. $6.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
Norton
55 Fifth Ave. / N.Y. 10003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from babyhood until senility, from earliest times until the age of sewing machines and clothing factories, a display of leisure for the rich, an unremitting necessity for the poor. How many stitches, taken one at a time, to clothe the whole human race? Neither spade nor sword was ever so universal among men. For the women in *Growing Up Female in America,* the needle pointed gratefully and brutally to income, the one essential key to freedom. Susie King Taylor, who had learned to read and write in an illegal school for slaves, is asked to prove that she can. "I did this; then he wanted to know if I could sew." (Women college graduates may substitute "type" for "sew" and wonder if times have changed so much after all.)

When one woman wanted money for her own education, she had to give up teaching (female pay for female work) and learn a trade. "The fields open to women were few and unfruitful. The needle at once presented itself. . . . I was finally forced to take it." Mother Jones, as usual, has an original point of view: "After finishing the common schools, I attended the Normal school with the intention of becoming a teacher. Dress-making too, I learned proficiently . . . and opened a dress-making establishment. I preferred sewing to bossing little children."

More than twenty years ago, Simone de Beauvoir wrote in the introduction to her classic work, *The Second Sex,* "Enough ink has been spilled in the quarreling over feminism, now practically over, and perhaps we should say no more about it." Since then, although the quarreling is essentially over, the subject has become something of an industry, and the new books that are printed rely more and more on repetition of claims and grievances that have been better stated before, although perhaps not to the same audiences. Eve Merriam's book is a refreshing change from the abstractions, the polemics, the claims and counterclaims. Biography, possibly the most humanizing form of scholarship, seldom rises to its most civilized heights. But now that the proper study of mankind seems to be woman, it may appear that the plain dailiness of life can trap its share of poetry. Without moralizing, these brief lives are filled with moral lessons. If these women who thought to make some record of their lives surprise us by not showing more frustration with the iron laws of their sex role, the conclusion may not be the obvious one. It may be that our own stories, told by ourselves and to ourselves, also have strange evasions in them, and that freedom is an endless study. □

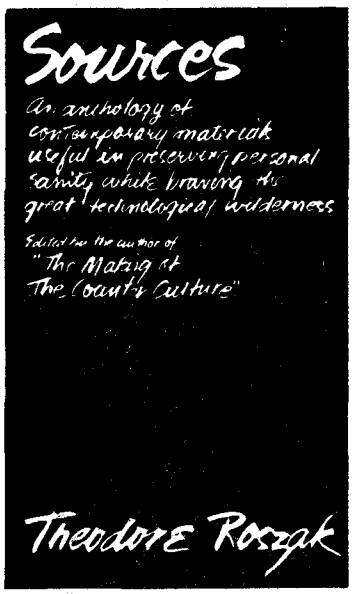
POEM

In Spring in Washington Square Park
the fat red houses squat around the square
and always there are the clouds at sunset
sliding southwest like plump porpoises
crazed with heat

Emanuel di Pasquale

THE NATION'S BEST PUZZLES
Book 3–$2.00
All 3 books—$4.00
Frank W. Lewis
c/o 15 Lakeside Drive, Greenbelt, Md. 20770

A NEW HARPER PAPERBACK


Sources
An anthology of contemporary materials useful in preserving personal sanity while braving the great technological wilderness
Edited by the author of
"The Making of
The Counter Culture"
Theodore Roszak

Contributors include Thomas Merton, Meher Baba, Abraham Maslow, Norman O. Brown, Paul Goodman, Pablo Neruda, Martin Buber, Stanley Diamond, Gary Snyder, R.D. Laing, Herbert Marcuse, Lancelot Law Whyte, Dane Rudhyar, and Alan Watts. CN/1000 $2.95
At bookstores
Harper & Row
49 E 33rd St., New York 10016
1817

Saluting Kings and Presidents

STORIES, FABLES & OTHER DIVERSIONS. *By Howard Nemerov. David R. Godine, Publisher. 121 pp. $7.50.*

KAY BOYLE

Miss Boyle is a member of the Creative Writing faculty at San Francisco State College. She is the author of thirty-one books, the most recent being a collection of essays, The Long Walk at San Francisco State *(Grove Press).*

Ronald Reagan has made at least one statement that has spread the quality of his intelligence far and wide. If you've seen one redwood tree you've seen them all, he said (possibly while signing a bill that would eliminate all but one). This is as foolish as if one said that to read one of Howard Nemerov's books meant that one could with accuracy assess the dimensions of the man as writer. Like redwood trees, each of Nemerov's books is miraculously different. He has served as Consultant in Poetry at the Library of Congress, and received numerous awards, the most recent being the 1971 Fellowship of the Academy of American Poets. Yet whenever I open a new book of Howard Nemerov's, I am acutely aware of the feeling that he has never been given his just due. Is it because he has not been adequately defined by his contemporaries? Or is it that he himself, in the wry slant of his lines (such as, "The world was always being wider/ And deeper and wiser than his little wit"[1]), belittles his own stature? (On another occasion, and in much the same vein, he once wrote: ". . . and if I have said anything against language, I sincerely apologize."[2]) More often than not, Nemerov's work is self-deprecating in tone—a tone that Beckett also relishes—and it might be either one or the other of them saying, with a sly wink: "I have always been amazed at my contemporaries' lack of finesse. I whose soul writhed from morning to night, in the mere quest of itself."[3]

Nemerov's strategy as a writer of fiction (and here again there is a similarity with Beckett) is exceedingly artful. Alienated, defeated, wryly humorous, and stunningly eloquent figures (eloquent

[1] "Beginner's Guide," *Poetry,* October 1971.
[2] "Speculation Turning to Itself," *Prose,* Fall 1971.
[3] *Stories and Texts for Nothing,* by Samuel Beckett, Grove Press, 1967.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The fact that you are a reader of The Nation tells us a lot about you.

For one thing, that you probably have an abiding interest in a variety of subjects outside your own everyday activity.

For another, that you add to your store of knowledge on those subjects by reading magazines of high editorial quality.

Then it also follows that you owe it to yourself to find out why hundreds of thousands of people like you have subscribed—in only a few months—to *Intellectual Digest* . . . why it is an instant and outstanding success. Because discovery, learning and communications happen to be what we're all about. Every month hundreds of books and magazines you couldn't possibly find the time to read, our editors *do* read—publications which deal with every branch of the arts, sciences and humanities. And what they choose to reprint in *Intellectual Digest* is the not-to-be-missed best of the lot. (Most articles are printed in full—when cuts are necessary, they're always made with the assistance of the author.)

Intellectual Digest gives you the opportunity to sample the most exciting magazines published today . . . over 300 carefully read and diligently sifted publications including the one you're now reading . . . 34 journals of opinion, 27 magazines of the arts, 136 scientific journals, 38 literary magazines and 67 social science periodicals . . . so that in every issue, you'll be getting the scope, variety and depth of the world's original thinkers and brilliant writers.

For example . . .

"Is Religion Superfluous?" . . . noted British historian Arnold Toynbee tells why science cannot solve human insecurity, fear of failure and death. (Excerpt from *Surviving the Future)*

"The Liberal Schism" . . . a venomous ideological confrontation among warring factions of New York's literary-political fraternity.
(Commonweal)

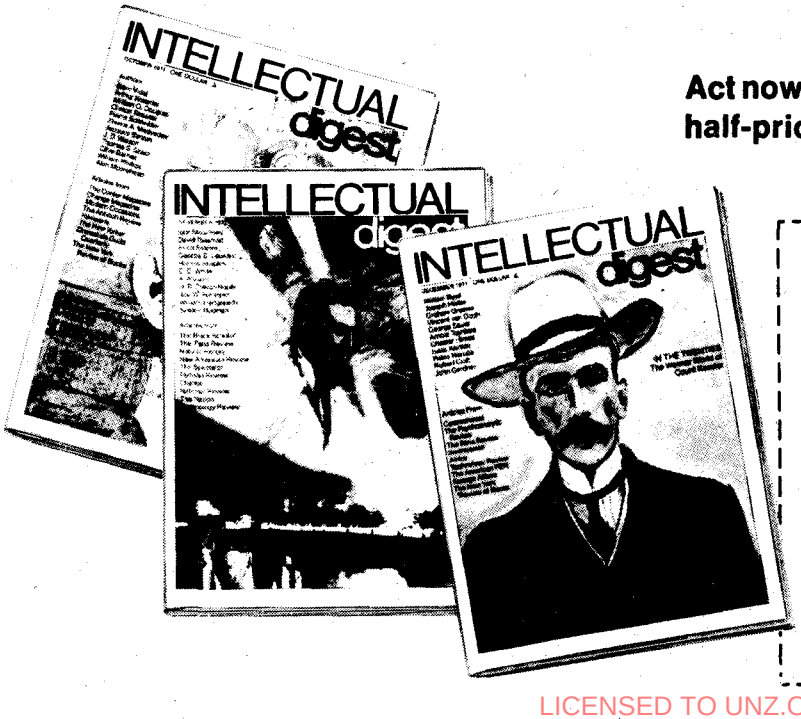
Gore Vidal attacks the fallacy of the male imperative and asks why the male ego can't accept the female challenge to its dominance.
(New York Review of Books)

Was Ho Chi Minh a bad poet? Read the arguments, pro and con, and decide for yourself as Intellectual Digest presents the Chinese original and two clashing translations.

A first-hand report from a member of the international team of geologists who discovered that the South Pole was once in the Sahara Desert.
(Natural History)

In addition, at least 6 excerpts from major works of fiction and non-fiction are in every issue—often brought to you before publication. Recent issues included John Gardner's *Grendel,* R. D. Laing's *Knots,* The "Diary" of *Van Gogh,* Julian Huxley's *Memories* and Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics.* And for the latest developments in the arts and sciences, newsletters appear in every issue.

If we're right about you, then *Intellectual Digest* is your kind of magazine. Why not take advantage of the special $5 Charter Rate while it's still in effect. Just mail the coupon, and after your first issue arrives you can decide then if you wish to continue. In any case, the first issue is yours to keep with our compliments.



Act now for special half-price charter rate

INTELLECTUAL DIGEST
P.O. Box 2986
Boulder, Colorado 80302

Please send my complimentary issue and enter my Charter half-price subscription for 11 additional issues at only $5 (a total savings of 50% on the regular $10 price). I may cancel within 14 days after receiving it if not fully satisfied.

☐ **Bill me** ☐ **$5 enclosed**

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....Zip.....

Add 50¢ for Canada and $2 for Foreign. 6321

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even when they do not—or cannot—speak) are placed between author and reader, between the vulnerable artist and his prying audience. These figures are his sole defense. Not even obliquely is the reader or spectator invited to identify with the dilemma of the figures the author has chosen, or to identify with a conception or interpretation of the author. This is a rare, admirable achievement. The audience is never for a moment encouraged to step up on the stage.

All that the author hopes to accomplish is an acceptance of the metaphor, which makes something else entirely of the creator's individual pain and recasts the setting of his actual life. However different they and their work may be, Beckett and Nemerov share a deep concern for an entire species and for the planet which the species itself has violated. This concern takes their readers into regions as far removed from facile "identification" as are the worlds of Dostoevsky's and Kafka's tormented courage, a courage so remarkable that we seek uneasily to give it another, more acceptable name.

One of the pleasures I have experienced in almost two decades of reading Nemerov's work (both poetry and prose) is the accumulating of bits and pieces of knowledge. He is continually informing me, and always gently and with modesty, about the lives and the movement of birds, trees, winds and waters, and as well about such things as the fatal flaw in the platonic theory of vision. I have been persuaded by him that "poetry is a privileged activity, conferring a view of freedom on whoever tries [it],"[4] and I am also indebted to him for the concept that prophecy is less a look into the future than it is an accurate recognition of what is before our hesitant eyes; that is, the prophet is the man who sees "with eyes not under the spell of languages—such as the language of *The New York Times*—that customarily tell us what we believe about, or what is the meaning of the things that are happening in the present."[5] Nemerov is always offering me unexpected alternatives, and this, for me, comes close to the essence and the excitement of what writing is.

From his essays, for instance, I have acquired fresh ways of considering the work of Thomas Mann, Faulkner, Lord Byron and Wallace Stevens; and because the evidence has been produced, I know it would not be entirely true to say that no one reads Longfellow any more. "A while ago, between the halves of a football game," Nemerov writes, "some fifty thousand persons—I was one of them—heard great swatches of 'Hiawatha' droned out over the public address system while several hundred drum majorettes twirled their batons. . . ."[6] But it is a very different Longfellow that Nemerov brings to life in his introduction to, and his selection of poems in, the Laurel Poetry Series' *Longfellow*.[7] It is now no longer necessary to deal with the man who wrote "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and "The Wreck of the Schooner Hesperus," who felt it incumbent upon him to become *the* great national poet. For Nemerov gives us the Longfellow of "The Jewish Cemetery at Newport," who asks: "How came they here? What burst of Christian hate,/ What persecution merciless and blind,/ Drove o'er the sea—that desert desolate —/These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind?" He gives us the Longfellow of *Tales of a Wayside Inn,* of which "The Monk of Casal-Maggiore" is an uproarious part, and the Longfellow of "The Challenge," that poem which is a cry from the poor of the earth who "impeach us all as traitors,/ Both the living and the dead." This is indeed another of Nemerov's enviable gifts: the ability to transform, expand, instill with clarity, material that he has seen with eyes "not under the spell of languages."

In Nemerov's present collection, there are two stories that expand the mind so effectively that the pages themselves, to all intents and purposes, disappear. The first is entitled "The Nature of the Task." In this 10-page tale, a man named Palen is given the assignment of killing flies in a square-shaped room, "one which had the appearance of being specially devised, Palen could not quite say for what." Although no flies are visible in the room, and no fly swatter has been provided, Palen, who has apparently placed himself voluntarily in this confinement (whether madhouse or prison or merely life itself is of no consequence), determines to accomplish the task with pride, accepting it as "a test of the mind's ability to *leap* . . . where?" Despite the limits "of a space so like an absence," Palen's mind leaps to the counting of snowflakes. Recalling that he had once heard that to count things was to kill them, it is obvious to him that the counting of snowflakes equates with the killing of flies, and he begins counting the blue snowflakes on the wallpaper of the room, and proceeds to the true snowflakes falling beyond the window's bars. But then he reflects that no two snowflakes are alike, and how can he kill, or count, if he does not know the shape of what he counts, or kills? Palen is now confronted with the insurmountable difficulty of "keeping a snowflake unmelted long enough to make possible the gathering of all other snowflakes for purposes of comparison," but even if he should succeed in that, what about "the snowflakes that had fallen in past winters and were irretrievably gone. . . ."? As Palen, with an effort of the will, ceases to count the snowflakes, they cease to fall, and a fly that had doubtless been buzzing for a long while in the room can now, for the first time, be heard buzzing.

Nemerov's short stories (and I would include a number from the earlier collection as well) frequently suggest an adaptability to theatrical treatment. "The Nature of the Task" would make brilliant pantomime, and the second story I pay particular homage to in the present collection, "The Outage," while hauntingly evocative as a story, would possibly acquire deeper and wider dimensions as a one-act play. Indeed, it may be that Nemerov's gentle, often self-mocking irony and his sense of comedy would find a far wider response (which is surely true of Beckett's work) were his dialogues spoken in the ordinary voices of ordinary men and women acting out the bizarre dramas of his concern upon an actual stage. "The Outage" is barely 8 pages long, and through the voice of a grandfather sitting in the lamplight by an open fire, it recounts the history of the departure of electricity from the world. "Whenever you walked into a room that was darker than you wanted it to be," the grandfather tells the children (the oldest among them pretending to hear the story for the first time), "you would press one of those things set in the wall—right by the door, for convenience—and the room would immediately . . . [be] spread with an even, unwavering light." The grandfather and grandmother and granduncles and grandaunts, and even the youngest children who have never known electricity, night after night, day after day, await its return. "That glass-fronted chest over there in the corner, with the plants on top," the grandfather tells them, ". . . used to light up and pictures would come out on the glass part, moving pictures. . . . [It] is on right now, and it will stay on while we live, in memory and hope. . . ." He tells them that the telephones were the strangest things of all, and that they held out for quite a while before going dead. Every now and then you hear of people picking up a phone and getting a response, he says, but the response is never in a language they can understand; and as he speaks, one of the little boys creeps away from

[4] *Poetry and Fiction,* Rutgers University Press, 1963.
[5] "Poetry, Prophecy, Prediction," *The Virginia Quarterly Review,* Spring 1971.
[6] *Longfellow,* Selected and with an Introduction by Howard Nemerov, Dell Publishing Company, 1959.
[7] *Ibid.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the other children seated in the firelight, and picks up the dead object that stands on a table in the shadows of the room. "It sounds like the wind," he says, holding the receiver to his ear.

"The Native in the World," "The Executive," "Digressions Around a Crow" and "The Escapist" are four more stories in this collection that presumably deal with the factual world but are not subdued by it. In "The Executive," a black stock boy in a supermarket is rebuked by the branch manager and instantly grows 9 feet tall. Dark wings spring from the stock boy's back, and a brightness hisses and crackles about his head. His eyes flame like stars, and "a blazing blackness like the moonlit glimpse of calm waters" glimmers around him. The branch manager falls on his knees before him and calls him "Lord" (which does not prevent him from firing him the following week). In "Digressions Around a Crow," the crow, possessor of his own black shadow, becomes the shadow of the child who has befriended him, walking behind him, flying above him, "perching deep in the green jungle overhead," at times putting a piece of bread under a stone, at other times a stone under another stone. Absorbed in the action, the reader is brought without warning to reflect on the almost human, and therefore degrading, sensitivity to guilt in dogs and the psychic absence of it in cats.

The English poet Ted Hughes wrote recently that: "Every man is a microcosm of the nation he belongs to, whether he likes it or not."[8] As further evidence of Nemerov as microcosm (whether he likes it or not), here is a portion of his poem on "The Murder of William Remington," a young State Department officer, unjustly jailed during Sen. Joseph McCarthy's reign of terror in our country, who was killed by two fellow inmates when he surprised them robbing his locker.

. . . To die in jail,
To be beaten to death, to know the act
Of personal fury before the eyes can fail
And the man die against the cold last wall
Of the lonely world. . . .[9]

Or this, written recently, as graffito on a private wall:

Power to the People

Why are the stamps adorned with kings and presidents?
That we may lick their hinder parts, and thump their heads. □

[8] Introduction to *With Fairest Flowers While Summer Casts*, Ted Hughes, Doubleday & Co., Inc., 1971.
[9] *Mirrors and Windows*, The University of Chicago Press, 1958.

Did you ever say "Think of all the starving children in Asia"

when your own kids were small and wouldn't eat properly?

It's one of the things parents say. It didn't mean an awful lot.

Then, last year, I saw an ad for Foster Parents Plan. It was a picture of a little boy with a half-starved look. And it made me think back to what I used to say.

The next month, we "adopted." Not the boy in the ad, but a Korean girl named Son Yoon Ja. Her father was dead. The family of five lived in a single windowless room in a wretched slum (That really got me—a kid growing up without windows.)

The $16 we send each month isn't much—but what a difference it's made to Son Yoon Ja. And to her family.

It helps provide food. Clothing. School supplies. Medical care. And counseling on health and nutrition.

Every month she sends me a letter. "I am in the third grade. I love my lessons. I play dodge ball." And happiest of all, "We moved to a place with a kitchen and windows."

You have no idea how good I feel when I think of opening that window for Son Yoon Ja.

In Judy Reeves' heart there was room for one more. Won't you make room in yours?

PARTIAL LIST OF FOSTER PARENTS
Mr. and Mrs. Steve Allen
Arthur Ashe, Jr.
Burt Bacharach
Senator Edmund S. Muskie
Senator John G. Tower
Duke University
General Electric

FOSTER PARENTS PLAN, INC.
352 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10010

I want to be a Foster Parent for a year or more of a boy____girl____ age____country____. Where the need is greatest____.
I enclose my first payment of: $16.00 Monthly____$48.00 Quarterly ____$96.00 Semi-annually____$192 Annually____.
I can't become a Foster Parent right now but I enclose my contribution of $____.
____Please send me more information.

Name____
Address____Date____
City____State____
Zip____Telephone No.____

PLAN operates in Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Indonesia, Republic of Korea, the Philippines, and Viet Nam. PLAN is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are tax deductible.

In Canada, write 153 St. Clair Ave. West, Toronto 7, Ontario

35 YEARS OF HELP WITH A HUMAN TOUCH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILMS/Robert Hatch

Sam Peckinpah's *Straw Dogs* opened in England before it did here, and considerably flustered the British press. The film was said to be the furthest extension of violence thus far attempted, *A Clockwork Orange* being declared decorous by comparison; and though British reviewers, like those in America, will not bring themselves to call for censorship, there seemed to be a consensus that this time matters had gone too far.

Therefore I lunched lightly and went to the picture expecting two hours of rigor. I was let down, or to put it more happily, let off. *Straw Dogs* does in truth run red with mayhem, but the violence stays up there on the screen and is not something you take home with you. There are, I think, two reasons for this. First, the violence that has been terrorizing our hours of entertainment recently has been of a kind that is meaningless and unpredictable, horrifying because seeming so casual. The banging about in *Straw Dogs* is instigated by men who have a purpose —a bad one, perhaps, full of malice and bigotry and ignorance, but yet explicable; it is deplorable, but not insane. Peckinpah is dishing up once more the story of the bad guys against the good guy, pretty much in terms of the Westerns that made him famous. That is a gallop we understand, and we can ride with it to the predictable conclusion.

Second, *Straw Dogs* is so consistently implausible that any potential nervous shocks are averted by a tendency to snort. One is unlikely to feel threatened by savagery that is engendered, not by the opposing forces but by a plot that is willing to buy sensation at any cost of probability.

Early in the picture, Amy (Susan George) walks through the main crossing of a sex-starved Cornish village, conspicuously unimpeded by a brassiere. That keys one thread of the story. A moment or so later, her husband, David (Dustin Hoffman), enters the pub and asks in a loud voice for any brand of American cigarettes. That keys the second thread. Ann and David have taken a lonely house on the outskirts of the village because he wants a peaceful place in which to get on with some mathematical research into the interior structure of cosmic bodies. She thinks that he is a coward in hiding, but I suspect he is a canny fellow who has diverted some of that Department of Defense money which was flowing in such freshets through the academic vineyards not long ago.

The town was ill-chosen on two scores: Amy has been there before and established some relationships whose ambiguities have never been resolved. And the place is held in thrall by five ruffians —four enormous louts and a ginger-haired rat killer. I have been in enough British pubs to be taken aback by the following scene: it being the closing hour, the proprietor calls, "Time, gentlemen; drink up please." Whereupon the oldest of the louts demands another pint, is told that he cannot have it, smashes the proprietor's hand down upon a broken glass, thrusts his way behind the bar, breaking bottles and woodwork, and draws himself the desired beer. The local magistrate is present, but so are the other louts, and the voice of the law confines itself to saying that if this sort of incivility is repeated official notice will be taken. Such behavior may occur these days in the more remote public houses, but it is sufficiently unexpected to demand some explanation. There should have been at least an old Hoot Gibson poster up on the wall. Peckinpah, however, seems to be in a mood to say he will lick anyone in the audience who dares to question him, and the Cornish cowboys go their roaring way.

David hires the louts to build him a garage and the rat catcher to rid his place of vermin. They find him a ready target for deadpan rustic insults; they hang a cat in his bedroom closet as an expression of contempt; they peer at his wife, nudging one another in the ribs. They take him off duck hunting, subjecting him to a ruse so old—he is to wait in a sheltered spot with a gunnysack in his hands until they drive the ducks to him—that even an astro-mathematician might be expected to have heard of it. There are whole scenes of this sort in which Hoffman seems to be imitating Buster Keaton; that's a hard act to follow.

While David is holding the sack, two of the huge young men return to the house and rape Amy—or at least they are prevented from raping her only because she enters eagerly into the procedure after a little stimulating slapping around. This passage—virtuous woman betrayed by her ungovernable passion—is a set piece of erotica, here carried out with all trumpets blaring. It does serve to show that Amy is not quite sure which team she is on, and that raises some promising dramatic speculation. However, it is all swept away by the ensuing big scene.

During a church social, the daughter (granddaughter?) of the pub brawler lures the village half-wit into the night. He breaks her neck in a spasm of terror when the alarm is raised, gets run down by David and his wife, who are driving away from the festivities, and is brought home by them to have his bruises attended. Very soon, the five louts are careering around the house in a mood of drunken blood lust, demanding the idiot. David says no, and all of a sudden it is as though Spencer Tracy were once again dropping off the train at Black Rock. The ingenuous brain worker is transformed, presto, into the intrepid lord of a beleaguered castle. He is somewhat assisted by the fact that four large men and a ginger-headed trickster cannot break into a remote and completely defenseless house for what seems to be about an hour. They smash the windows with rocks, they fling live rats through the broken casements, they fire off a shotgun (the magistrate arrives, wrestles foolishly for the gun and dies with a load of shot in the belly), they scream threats and curses, but they fail to enter. David, meanwhile, has screwed up his principles to the point of homicide, and when at last they do get in, he kills them all, using for the purpose a crowbar and an antique man trap (sorry—Amy, after much urging from her husband, shoots the last survivor with the shotgun).

THE SKULL

> Here hung those lips that I
> have kissed I know not how
> oft. Where be your jibes now?
> Your gambols? Your songs?
> Your flashes of merriment?
>
> —*Hamlet*

Some believe the skull
an unsightly thing
never really with us.

But waits thoughtfully
in some other place
till it knows
it is needed . . .

when time / space / motion
have hollowed out the thoughts
in our lovely heads.

But I know
it is always here
grinning inside us

loving echoes
of ice
tearing up the river.

It smiles
at our dreams of winter
wolves moving across snow

and sensations of winter
creeping into us
bone by bone.

Michael Niflis

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The moral of this story is that men who throw rats are no match for a mathematician maddened by righteousness. I approve the sentiments that a householder should resent trespassers and that hospitality is a sacred trust, but I'm made impatient by stories that can be resolved only by sending in Walter Mitty to save the day. You should have heard the mocking cheers of the popcorn munchers when Hoffman caught the neck of his most formidable opponent in the jaws of the man trap. They didn't believe it either. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Robert Bolt's *Vivat! Vivat Regina!* (Broadhurst Theatre) is a safe and sane play that will disturb no one. On the contrary, many theatregoers will find comfort in it as they might in a well-upholstered armchair. It tells once again the story of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Stuart. The English middle class of middle years are devoted to their country's history (as few Americans are to their own), and love plays that deal with Britain's splendid past. *Vivat! Vivat Regina!* achieved great success in London, and may also find favor here.

Bolt writes smoothly, with the facile literacy that contains within it granules of sophistication and which audiences appreciate as highborn wit. He employs all techniques: Brechtian, attitudes of modern "realism," theatrical panoply and popular romance. There are no problems in the play; the characters are what we expect them to be, which means they are pegs for actors to hang their costumes on and to give them good "moments," with applause on their exits. Elizabeth Tudor is biting, politically acute, pragmatic, resourceful, sharp in observation and decision. Mary Stuart is sensually vibrant, crafty, pathetic, confused by the various pulls of her ultra-feminine nature. (*Pace* Women's Lib.)

The play contains a number of "fat" parts (not the same as real characters) and the company at the Broadhurst acquits itself well in this regard. Eileen Atkins, an excellent young character actress—her appearance in *The Killing of Sister George* several seasons ago was memorable—plays Elizabeth with fine dispatch and intelligence. She is not endowed with all the physical means—vocal, for instance—that one imagines befits a monarch who was greater than her father, as her minister William Cecil is made to say, but she is nevertheless thoroughly effective within the limits of Bolt's portraiture. Though the director's demands on his actors are no greater than his assignment calls for, I believe a more artistically ambitious director might have given the leading roles greater emotional scope and poignancy than Peter Dews's professionally modest supervision attains.

Claire Bloom as Mary Stuart has her good looks going for her, though her assumed French accent is no help at all. Douglas Rain, as Cecil, fits into the frame admirably; Alexander Scourby, with dubious Scottish speech, is amusing as John Knox; Stephen Scott as Lord Morton is convincing, and Peter Coffield as Darnley is rather touching in his debility. Best of all the actors in the lesser parts is Lee Richardson as Bothwell. He has the right body, swagger, gross bravura and ruffian sweep, coupled with self-protective calculation.

The scenic appointments and costumes by Carl Toms add to the unexceptionable competence of the occasion. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

Is there such a thing as music "made" for dancing? Or music that cannot be danced to? Every choreographer would answer these questions differently, but there are unofficial rules and regulations. For example, if a modern dancer wants to do something abstract and in a neutral-happy mood—what might be termed classical modern dance—he will use Vivaldi. Tchaikovsky is a natural for ballet, but impossible for modern dance. Beethoven is overwhelming and no good for anything. Musical collage is essential for dances about the contemporary psyche and society. Chopin would be fine if Fokine had not set a precedent with *Les Sylphides*. Wagner is beyond hope; no rhythm. Like all generalities, there's some truth to this inexhaustible list of do's and don'ts; and similarly, individual strictures can always be proved silly. Paul Taylor did a wonderful work called *Orbs* to one of the impossibles, Beethoven's string quartets. Chopin would still be fine, only now the precedent maker is Jerome Robbins.

One of the myths of the ballet world is that Stravinsky—with his rich but precise use of instruments and kinetic pulse—is the perfect companion for ballet. Curiously, he has not been used by modern dancers. It is only a little less curious that ballet choreographers have not been scared away by the collaboration between Stravinsky and George Balanchine, which has brought forth a series

DANIEL ELLSBERG

is being honored with the **Quincy Wright* Memorial Award for World Citizenship and National Patriotism** by the **Lawyers Committee on American Policy Towards Vietnam.**

. . . .

Cocktail party in the Madison Room of the Biltmore Hotel—(Madison Avenue & 43rd Street, Manhattan)—on Sunday, February 6th from 4 to 7 P.M. Prof. Richard Falk will present the award. Admission (including initial cocktail) is $10 per person.

Proceeds will be divided between **Ellsberg Defense Fund** and **Lawyers Committee.** No reservations needed. All welcome. L.L.B. not a prerequisite.

Contributions payable to "Ellsberg Defense Fund." Mail to Lawyers Committee, 365 West 42 Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

**Quincy Wright, former president of American Society of International Law; Consultant, International Military Tribunal at Nurnberg; was a charter member (1965-70) of Consultative Council of Lawyers Committee.*

Free to Authors

OF BOOK MANUSCRIPTS

Is your manuscript ready (or almost ready) for publication? Send for this valuable booklet packed with information every writer should have. Tells how to get your work published, promoted, distributed. Write Vantage Press, Dept. FR-59, 516 West 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION 2-7-72

333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014

☐ One Year, $12.50

☐ Two Years, $23.00

☐ 6 Months, $7.50

Payment Enclosed

(Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign)

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....Zip No.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of ballets that might well be one of the major artistic achievements of the 20th century. (To hell with caution—they are.) But some Stravinsky is totally inhospitable to dancing, the Stravinskyisms being precisely what the choreographer must work against, or ignore, if the ballet is not to be a musical cliché. This the choreographer can rarely do, for the persistent, almost compulsive rhythm, the ever-present *ostinato*, the witty turn of a phrase, metrically or instrumentally, are enslaving. Even the kinky charm of some of his music is dangerous, for it is already so accessible and transparent that a choreographer can only repeat, not interpret. To repeat, or reinforce, destroys Stravinsky's delicacy and wit. Also, what sounds amusing can look coy. And, finally, some of Stravinsky is indeed coy.

It is significant that the Balanchine who is a "Stravinsky choreographer" has been extremely selective. Generally he has stayed clear of the popular Stravinsky, not only of the works composed specifically for ballet but also of those that admirers would call charming and critics excessively chic, superficial and mannered. The best Balanchine-Stravinsky ballets (such as *Agon, Variations, Monumentum Pro Gesualdo, Orpheus* and *Apollo*) are set to what is generally thought to be atypical Stravinsky; "Stravinsky" Stravinsky, the ballet scores, have made the least successful ballets. Productions of *The Firebird* have had at best bits of good choreography. *Petrouchka* can be dramatically effective because the story is so suggestive of large themes, yet musically speaking the choreography is unfulfilling. *The Rite of Spring* is, I suspect, impossible to work with unless one omits the first section, but that unfortunately has become the score's signature. *A Soldier's Tale,* another of the popular scores, presents the peril of charm to the choreographer, although on first hearing it would seem to be as naturally danceable as is Tchaikovsky or Mozart.

Because Eliot Feld is a fine choreographer and has revealed in most of his work a great sensitivity to music, it was particularly interesting to see him handle the Stravinsky. During American Ballet Theatre's season at the New York City Center, through January 30, Feld introduced his version of *A Soldier's Tale,* along with *Eccentrique,* set to a Stravinsky medley. For the first work, Feld discarded the traditional libretto that deals with a soldier's pact with the devil. His ballet is about war and how it corrupts, through the figures of the pimp and his prostitutes. More pertinent, however, is that to a great extent he also disregarded the music. Against the songful score that almost begs for movement —so engaging, even beguiling, are its rhythms and instrumentation—Feld has created a purposefully static ballet. Each character is cast into an emblematic mold, either through obvious association (the pimp manipulates his fingers and wrists as though he were anxiously waiting for the feel of coins) or repetition of gesture. It is, in fact, a ballet of gesture. Its dramatic impact comes in part from its unrelenting use of gesture instead of dance, its repetition, its declamatory austerity and an intense stylization. It also comes from the contrast between the static movement and the rollicking score. Rather than use the music at face value, which would probably have resulted in choreography that was anticlimactic or imitative of the music, Feld counterweighted it with an equally strong but totally different rhythm and color. As it turned out, the very blitheness of Stravinsky served as an ironic and thus slightly wicked underpinning to the atmosphere of decadence that Feld was seeking. Because Feld used the music as background commentary, or as a rather sarcastic chorus, the few moments when he worked hand in hand with the score were truly charming and dramatically pointed. These moments were the soldiers' dance. The fact that they followed the vigorous music beat for beat established their own youthful vigor, a certain camaraderie, and an innocent willingness to conform. This in turn helped to set up the ballet's basic theme, that war turns the strengths and appealing aspects of youth into instruments of their death.

With its dogmatic style, *A Soldier's Tale* is not easy to sit through, but from a musical point of view it is admirable and fascinating to those who have followed Stravinsky's relationship with the dance and Feld's relationship with music. Seeing *A Soldier's Tale* convinced me that Feld, and only Feld, shares Balanchine's secret: that one must be wary of Stravinsky's most appealing qualities if one intends to produce movement that is not quaint or sycophantic; and, of course, that one must avoid the music that is itself quaint.

Thus, *Eccentrique* was something of a shock. Feld fell into the booby traps, first selecting Stravinsky's cute music and then emphasizing it by following its every squiggle in his choreography. "Music by Stravinsky," so identified in the program, was the first warning. Of all composers, he is the least amenable to the assorted-cookie format. But even some of the good music of this potpourri, most notably the ballerina's dance from *Petrouchka,* was so stuffed with detail—jerky arm movements, tiny cranks of the head, fussy footwork, and the tendency to set at least as many steps as the music contains beats—as to make Stravinsky sound more eccentric than even he can be. These complaints pertain to the second section, in which the dancers were dressed in the chiquest harlequin costumes I've ever seen. The first part was an interesting and occasionally stirring attempt to carry a dance with exotic and intricate arm movement alone. But had the same experiment been done to less pointedly "erotic" music, the device of the quasi-Oriental arms might have seemed less obviously theatrical and gimmicky.

It is possible, of course, that the intent of *Eccentrique* was to poke fun at Stravinsky by outdoing him at his own foibles. If Stravinsky is too French, too witty, too chic then Feld would have his dancers dressed fit to kill, prance like poodles, and be utterly *eccentrique*. This possibility occurred to me several times while watching the ballet. Feld has done some musical satire in the past and is not above pulling a fast one on the audience. He is also smart about music. However, since internal evidence is not conclusive and history not determining, one could only guess (and hope) that some of the choreography was sufficiently webbed in Stravinskyisms to be parody. The only hole in this theory is that the choreography was not bad enough. □

PERSONALS

PATCHES & APPLIQUE (over 200), **POSTERS** (over 275, many anti-war) **BUTTONS** (135), **BUMPER-STICKERS** (50) and other peace items. Wholesale and retail. Catalogue with pictures 25¢ (refund 1st order). **BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission, San Francisco, Ca. 94103.**

PROTEST unavailability of abortions in 5 of the world's 12 most populous metropoles—Paris, Buenos Aires, Chicago, Sao Paulo, Bombay. **POB 4069, N.Y.C. 10017.**

NOW is the time for war tax resistance. The most powerful acts against war have been those of the young men of the Resistance who have said **NO** to the draft. Now it is time for those of us who have been paying for the war in Indochina to say **NO** to taxes for war. **Join us! War Tax Resistance, 339 Lafayette St., N.Y., N.Y. 10012. Write and ask for information. Phone: (212) 477-2970.**

ABOLISH ALL ABORTION LAWS including all of New York's damnable legislation. The right of each adult human to own his or her own body is the paramount moral law, WITHOUT EXCEPTION. If it were not the woman's right to decide, then she has no right to object to compulsory abortion or sterilization either.—**AAAL, POB 36122, Los Angeles 90036.**

WRY IDEAS—New catalog 25c (deductible from first order). **Wry Idea Co., Box 178-T, Rye, N.Y. 10580.**

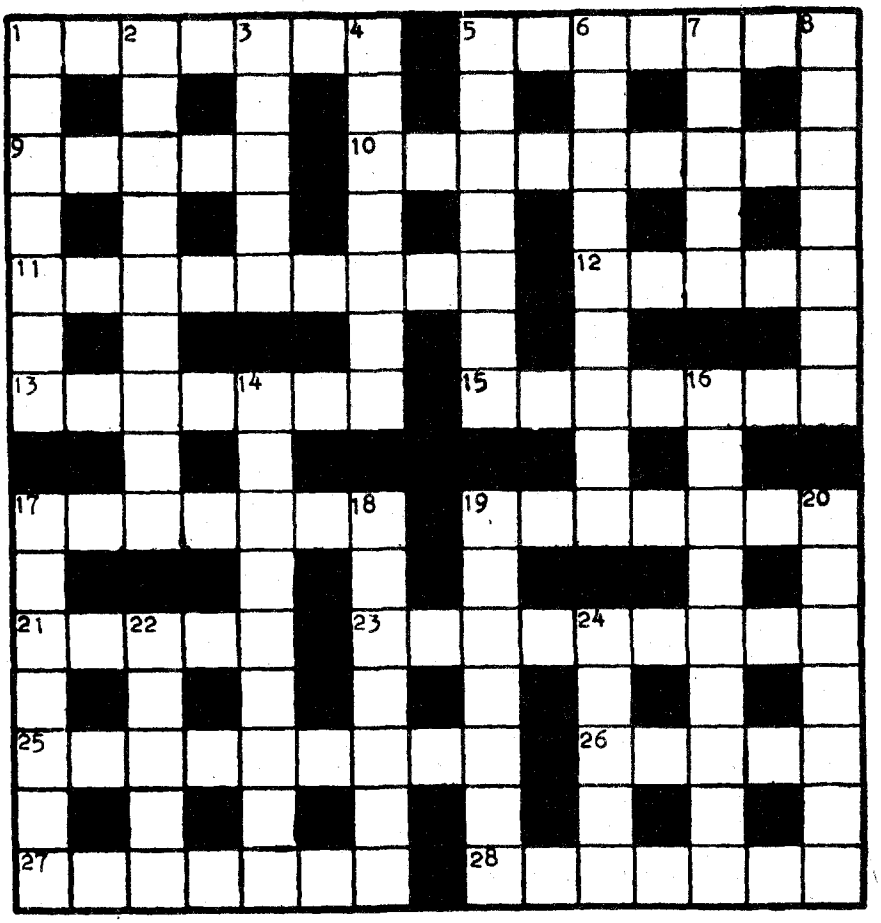
ADVERTISE YOUR NEEDS

IN THE NATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1428

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Possibly part of the canal is on edge, proving dangerous for a philosopher.
5 See 9 across
9 and 5 across The steel boss might have it, however commonplace. (3-2-3-4)
10 Insert 109 unessential ingredients in it. (9)
11 Changeable to the last, an English king! (9)
12 A number happily live here. (5)
13 Proving a wartime villain just about managed imprisonment. (7)
15 One facet, if you examine it, shows how to turn sour. (7)
17 Putting on something heavy, perhaps getting ready before the fire. (7)
19 Mathematicians know them to be almost one version of snugness. (7)
21 Forbidden fruit. (5)
23 Succeeded in being rose-red, very quietly mixed up with it. (9)
25 One who copies, helps with the dishes around it, though such cloths are probably rather fancy. (9)
26 However, in like circumstances, it is adjacent. (5)
27 Withstands, but is in states of repose.
28 If you had talent, you'd have a few thousand of them. (7)

DOWN

1 and 17 down It takes a couple to show the novel's main character, perhaps, and also show an inclination to go along with the German type. (4,3,7)
2 A literary candidate came from here, with an air much to be improved upon.
3 Refuse to be found off alone without one. (5)
4 and 24 down Hang on to a pawn, by the sound of it, as an officer is supposed to do. (4,3,5)
5 Bottom on her list of Beautiful People? (7)
6 Such sinners I'd resolve to make better! (4-5)
7 Come out with something to argue over. (5)
8 With regard to place. (7)
14 Lionesses, when disturbed, still might be on the prowl. (9)
16 Tired cars are not so likely to have one, nowadays. (9)
17 See 1 down
18 Kids might like them in slicing up pie servings. (7)
19 You can see one of them in the middle of design here. (7)
20 Would they be happy in the mean time? (7)
22 Makes a series of changes, and takes off with the sound of it. (5)
24 See 4 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1427

ACROSS: 1 Grandstand play; 9 Ordinal; 10 Concini; 11 Price wars; 12 Naiad; 13 Negated; 15 Aviator; 16 Unclean; 18 Yakutsk; 20 Acted; 21 Track time; 23 Colonel; 24 Astride; 25 Take to the hills. DOWN: 1 Group insurance; 2 Addling; 3 Dance attendance; 4 Tulsa; 5 Necessary; 6 Pen and ink sketch; 7 Animist; 8 Finders keepers; 14 Donatello; 17 Catalpa; 19 Trivial; 22 Awash.

EDUCATIONAL

EXTERNAL DEGREE PROGRAM for well informed, highly motivated adults wishing to complete undergraduate education. Two-week resident periods on Goddard campus alternate with six-month independent study projects carried on at home under faculty supervision. Program leads to Goddard Bachelor of Arts degree. **Write Box E, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.**

MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

HOW TO MAKE MONEY Writing Short Paragraphs! I tell you what to write, where and how to sell, and supply lists of editors buying from beginners. Small checks can add up to worthwhile extra income. Write to sell right away. Send for free facts **BARRETT, Dept. C-468-E, 6216 No. Clark, Chicago 60626.**

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

LAKETON VANS. The complete-service movers. Licensed, Insured, Trustworthy. Get the best for less. **Call (212) 672-5092.**

MUSIC

FREE 162-PAGE CATALOG offers over 1,000 fine recordings of **Renaissance, Baroque, Classical, Romantic and Modern music.** All late stereo recordings. Highest quality at budget label prices. Available only by mail from **MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, Box 932 NA, New York, N.Y. 10023.**

RECORDER, GUITAR, GAMBA MUSIC. Write for free listings. **Provincetown Bookshop, 246 Commercial St., Provincetown, Mass. 02657.**

LITERARY SERVICES

ESTABLISHED LITERARY AGENTS (40 years experience) will consider competent book-length nonfiction/fiction for general or specialized audience. No reading fees. Write with summary and your background to: **Sanford Greenburger Asociates, 757 Third Avenue, N.Y.C. 10017.**

PUBLICATIONS

WORLD DEMOCRACY by Bin Dir Woor. Self-Designated Symbolical World President. Unique, Entrancing. **$2. Greenwich Book Publishers, 282 7th Ave., New York City.** Like many saints and others, **Bin Dir Woor** promises, God willing, to return many times after death. Purpose, to promote World Democracy. Reader, do the same.

LAST WHOLE EARTH CATALOG, 448 pages, $5.35. **SOURCE #1,** Communications, $1.75. **BOOKPOST, 2770C Broadway, New York City 10025.**

FREE—Self-help Newsletter for Alcoholics. **Jan. issue features THE ALCOHOL ADDICT IN U.S. PRISONS.** Mail stamped addressed envelope for **PANORAMA** to: **Real New Books, Box 1432, GPO, N.Y.C. 10001.**

ADVERTISING RATES

Classified: 74c a line (6 words) 3 line min.

Classified Display: $7.42 per inch (min.)

THE NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., N. Y. 10014 242-8400

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROCLAIMED . . .

PROCLAMATION

State of New York

Executive Chamber

The first ten Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, known as the Bill of Rights, were adopted on December 15, 1791.

Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of religion, and other rights essential to our way of life were proclaimed in these ten Amendments, and have been indispensable to America's progress and democratic way of life ever since.

These freedoms and the Bill of Rights will endure only if a vigilant citizenry is implacably dedicated to their defense and preservation.

It is therefore most appropriate, on this 180th anniversary of the adoption of the Bill of Rights, for all New Yorkers and all Americans to renew their determination to preserve the guarantees afforded by these amendments for all individuals and groups.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Nelson A. Rockefeller, Governor of the State of New York, do hereby proclaim the period of December 9-15, 1971, as

BILL OF RIGHTS WEEK

in New York State.

GIVEN under my hand and the Privy Seal of the State at the Capitol in the City of Albany this twenty-fourth day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seventy-one.

BY THE GOVERNOR

Secretary to the Governor

. . . BUT NOT NOTICED.

Governor Rockefeller's proclamation was presented at the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee's dinner on the occasion of the 180th anniversary of the Bill of Rights but went unreported by the press.

If evidence be needed of the timeliness and relevance of this proclamation, it can be found in THE NATION's special issue by Frank J. Donner and Eugene Cerruti: "The Grand Jury Network: How the Nixon Administration Has Secretly Perverted a Traditional Safeguard of Individual Rights."

We feel this shocking story deserves the widest possible readership. Bulk copies are available; an order form is provided below.

Bulk Orders

Orders for ten copies or more of *The Nation*'s special issue, "The Grand Jury Network," may be obtained at special low rates. Fill out the coupon below.

THE NATION, 333 6th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014

Please send me extra copies of the January 3rd special issue, as indicated:

10 copies $ 3.00	100 copies $20.00
50 copies $12.50	500 copies $87.50

I enclose payment.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

N I-17

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED